THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVII. JUNE, 1809. *No. II.*

ART. I.—*Illustrations of the Four Gospels, founded on Circumstances peculiar to our Lord and the Evangelists. By John Jones. pp.* 672. 8*vo.* Longman. 1808.

THE learned, ingenious, and reflective author of these Illustrations, says in his introduction that we are not to expect in the present performance,

'classical quotations, learned references, or verbal criticisms, but an analytical detail of the sayings and works of Jesus Christ, together with the explanations of obscure passages, founded on facts, as far as they could be collected from historical investigation, or deduced from the circumstances of the case, by an active, but regulated, imagination.'

The author next says that,

'the doctrine of the association of ideas, which, in the absence of artificial order, is the only law that regulates the human mind,' 'is a broad and distinguishing feature in the present publication;' and that 'the law of association, when properly attended to, and skilfully applied, as it tends, while it elucidates the meaning, to confirm the truth of the evangelic records, will form a new æra in the history of christianity.'

We shall see as we proceed, some of the purposes to which Mr. Jones applies this doctrine; but we are afraid that it will not stand him in such good stead as he seems to imagine. We do not precisely know what Mr. Jones means when he asserts that 'the application of this principle will form a new æra in the history of christianity.' Does he mean that, from henceforth, all doubts respecting the divine original of christianity will be removed, that the evidence will, in future, be more luminous, and the conviction of the truth consequently less hesitating and obscure? We do not see how such a result is to ensue from the means which

the learned author proposes to employ. For if our Saviour and his disciples were guided by such a principle as Mr. Jones imagines, in what they said, we think that it would tend to prove the gospel a mere human composition.

If a divine and supernatural influence were employed in producing the gospel, it must have been designed to counteract the ordinary associations of the human mind. For a divine or miraculous influence is never exerted in vain; but to what purpose could it have been exerted, if this doctrine of the association of ideas, of which the author so highly extols the operations, could have confirmed the truth of the evangelical history without any extraordinary aid? Besides, when we are told that, 'the doctrine of the association of ideas is, in the absence of artificial order, the only law that regulates the human mind,' and that the application of this principle is sufficient to 'confirm the truth of the evangelical records,' the sagacious theologue seems to have reasoned as if the evangelists sat down to write their several narratives, without an object, or a plan, and that they suffered themselves to be carried in the course of their relations, wherever the eccentricities of this principle of association, or wherever any real or fancied resemblances might conduct the mind. But we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the evangelists were not directed by some predominating motives and some determinate plan. These motives and this plan would naturally and necessarily induce them to prefer one mode of arrangement to another, and to group the events and their circumstances together in such a manner, as the active principle of volition ratherthan the blind force of association, or in other words, as choice, rather than chance impelled. When we come to examine the gospel of John, we shall endeavour to prove that this was actually the case, and that this evangelist, instead of leaving his narrative to the confused order, which the sole guidance of association would naturally produce, grouped the materials of his history together in such a manner, as seemed most likely to answer the specific end which he had in view.

Mr. Jones supposes with Michaelis that 'John the evangelist wrote his gospel to confute the errors of the Gnostics and those of the Sabians,' or those who asserted John to be the Messiah. But he does not think that the German critic was successful in dissipating the obscurity of the gospel, by the light of this hypothesis. For, says the sagacious author of these Illustrations,

'if he (Michaelis) had perused the works of Irenæus and the *recognitions* ascribed to Clement, *with proper attention*, he would

have come at the truth in a direct road, and probably would have met with complete success. Irenæus, lib. iii. c. 3, asserts that John published his gospel to exterminate the errors of the Gnostics.'

We are very willing to pay all due deference to authority; but no authority has any influence with us, that is not supported by a preponderance of argument. We hope to be able to show by the most cogent evidence, that John had no intention whatever to refute the errors of the *Gnostics*, nor to subvert the theory of *Gnosticism* in the composition of his gospel. John seems to have had a far greater and more useful object in view than to correct the mistakes, or to expose the absurdities of a sect.

Mr. Jones will certainly allow that the evangelist John must himself have been a better judge of the design with which, and of the end for which, he wrote his account of Jesus than Irenæus, in whose traditionary information but little confidence ought to be reposed. Now St. John has himself expressly told us, xx. 30, 31, that his account of the life and doctrine of Jesus might have been carried to a much greater extent, but that he had made a selection of particulars for the express purpose of establishing the conviction of this momentous truth, that Jesus was the Messiah; a truth which he regarded as eminently favouring the production of virtue and of happiness. Πολλὰ μὲν οὖν καὶ ἄλλα σημεῖα ἐποιησεν:— Jesus had exhibited many other signs or proofs of his Messiahship, but those which John had introduced into his memoirs he thought sufficient to dissipate all doubt respecting the real character of Jesus.

All the great and astonishing actions of Jesus, which John relates in the course of his narrative, were designed principally as evidence of his Messiahship; where this was not the specific object for which they were related, the reader will find that it is always on account of some discussion respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, to which they gave rise. The first of these σημεια, or signs of his Messiahship which John records, is that which he displayed at a marriage-feast in Galilee. After the relation of this miracle the evangelist says, ἐπίστευσαν εἰς αὐτὸν οἱ μαθηταὶ αὐτῦ, they considered it at the time, as a credible proof that he was the Messiah. A short time after this Jesus went to Jerusalem in order to keep the Passover, when he drove the money-changers, &c. out of the temple. Here Mr. Jones affirms that there is an anachronism in the narrative of John, of which he discovers the cause in his favourite principle of association. He says that,

'the similarity between these two events, namely, the bitter disap-

pointment of the populace, caused them to be united in the mind of the writer; and he absolutely blends them together in the same paragraph; though in fact they were separated by the whole extent of his ministry.'

Now we must confess that we do not discover any such similitude between the two occurrences, of converting the wine into water, and of the purifying the temple from the sordid traffic which defiled it, as would have caused the writer, by the connecting force of association, to incorporate both in one paragraph. Instead of any close associating resemblance between the two transactions, we discover none in the manner, the circumstances, or the result, except as far as both tended to prove the Messiahship of Jesus. In this instance at least we think that very little sagacity is required to discern that Mr. Jones has not been happy in the application of his principle.

The evangelist John, instead of grouping his facts together, as Mr. Jones supposes, as the wayward principle of association might impel, appears to have classed them in *chronological* order; and we consequently find that he details some of the *signs* which Jesus exhibited of his Messiahship in every succeeding year of his ministry. He arranges the particulars of his narrative according to the division of the passovers. We see nothing at all improbable in the supposition that the expulsion of the money-changers, &c. happened twice; or, if it did not, we are more inclined to believe that the incident which is related in Mark xi. 15—17 has been inserted in the wrong place, than that John, who was a constant attendant of Jesus has deviated in this instance, from that chronological order, which, in other respects, he has uniformly observed.

We shall now proceed in our proofs that the gospel of John was not written for the purpose of refuting the errors of the Gnostics, but of establishing the important truth of the Messiahship of Jesus. John himself has told us that this was the purpose for which he wrote; and our regard for his candour and veracity will not suffer us to believe that he had any other objects in view than those which he has *himself distinctly explained.* Passing for the present over the introductory paragraph to these memoirs of John, which some of our learned friends suppose to be an early interpolation from the little connection which it seems to have with the rest of the history, the first proof which the author produces of the Messiahship of Jesus, is the express acknowledgment of the Baptist, i. 34—6. This confession of the Baptist induced two of his disciples to follow Jesus as the

Messiah, 37—42. Nathaniel professes his conviction of the same truth, 50.

In c. iii. 1—21, the discourse with Nicodemus seems to have been inserted on account of the strong and perspicuous declaration which Jesus makes of his Messiahship, and of the happy consequences which would be the result of a belief in that important truth. In the same chapter 23—36, the Baptist is again introduced to bear his testimony to the same truth, which he had previously announced. In c. iv. 26, the Messiahship of Jesus is proclaimed by himself in Samaria and assented to by the Samaritans, 42. Jesus then exhibits a second sign, δευτερον σημειον, of his Messiahship, by healing the son of the nobleman at Capernaum. The evangelist has yet made no direct nor even covert allusion either to Gnostics or to Gnosticism. The healing of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda, c. v. appears to have been related not more as a sign of the Messiahship of Jesus, than for the sake of detailing the discussion to which it gave rise, in the course of which Jesus repeatedly asserts his claim to that exalted character, 22, 25, 26; and he supports it by accumulated arguments 32—47.' The narrative in vi. 1—14 which records the feeding of five thousand persons with five loaves and two small fishes, is carefully coupled with the conclusion which it suggested, ὁτι ὁυτός ἐιιν ἀληθῶς ὁ προφήτης ὁ ερχομενος ἐις τον κόσμον. This relation also furnishes an opportunity of contrasting the real with the supposed character of the Messiah, of rescuing it from the grossness of popular prejudice, of separating the false motives which multiplied the votaries of his kingdom from those which he himself approved, and of establishing a correct estimate of the permanent advantages, the imperishable satisfaction which would result from cherishing the momentous truth which he taught, vi. 24—59.

The whole of the discourse of Jesus in c. vi. has a close reference to his Messiah-character in which he represents himself as a teacher, whose doctrine, if it were once fixed in the mind and affections, would confer permanent felicity. What he said had so little to gratify the secular hopes and impatient selfishness of his auditors, that many of them left him in disgust; but it impressed this conviction on his disciples, that he was the Messiah, 69. The account of the feeding of the five thousand persons, which precedes this discourse, and the discourse itself, are in strict unison with the only scope of John in writing his gospel, to prove the Messiahship of Jesus, and to elucidate the true nature and object of that character.

'This is written to convince you that Jesus is the son of God; and that this conviction, by operating on your minds and conduct, may be crowned with the fruits of virtue and of happiness,' xx. 31.

What is said in the beginning of c. vii. was evidently designed to introduce the account of the contending opinions which were entertained respecting his pretensions to the character of Messiah, of which there is a very lively representation in the quick transitions of the dialogue in c. vii. in the irritation that is excited by opposition, in the impatient contradictions and the fervid replies! The fluctuating sensations of the Jews respecting the true character of Jesus are well contrasted with his internal unshaken consciousness of veracity. We request the reader to peruse vii. 10.—53. with attention, not only for the exact delineation which it contains of the polemical feuds which, at that time, agitated the Jews respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, but because it proves how earnest the writer was in his endeavour to establish the claims of Jesus to that exalted character.

The animated vindication of his Messiah-character which Jesus had delivered in c. vii. together with the petulant objections, the angry opposition, and fluctuating scepticism of the Jews, seems to be resumed in c. viii. 12—59. A similar scene is exhibited in c. ix. in which the narrative of the healing of a blind man gives rise to a vehement altercation among the Jews, the great drift of which is to prove the Messiah-character of Jesus. In 22, we find that the Sanhedrim had prohibited the application of that character to Jesus under the penalty of excommunication. In 37, Jesus himself distinctly avows that character to the blind man whose sight he had restored. In c. x. 1—18, Jesus defends the reality of his pretensions, the integrity of his character, and the purity of his designs. After this the violent dissentions which prevailed among the Jews respecting his character, his pretensions and designs are again vividly described; but the scope of the whole, as it is represented by the evangelist, was evidently to impress those for whom his account was written, with a conviction of the Messiahship of Jesus.

The beautifully circumstantial account of the revival of Lazarus in c. xi. is made subservient to the illustration and confirmation of the Messiah-character of Jesus 25—27. 42—45. The Jewish hierarchy had now determined on the destruction of Jesus and were insidiously machinating the accomplishment. In the remaining portion of the history the evangelist seems carefully to have selected such particulars as tended most to evince that truth which it was his primary object to establish. In c. xii. 1.—36. Jesus, though his mind was perturbed with the gloomy apprehension of

approaching death, makes his public entry into Jerusalem. He argues, 24—27, respecting the moral fitness of the event which excited both his sorrow and his fear; while he repeatedly inculcates, 44—50, the important truth, which the Jews were so unwilling to believe, and which John wrote his gospel to confirm.

The beautiful anecdote in c. xiii. 1—11, seems to have been recorded not more as a proof of the humility, with which Jesus tempered the dignity of the Messiah-character, than as an example of that tender, that sympathising regard which he felt for his disciples, and which ought to unite all the subjects of the Messiah-kingdom, whatever may be the difference of their rank or circumstances, 12.—17. The instance of that sagacity by which Jesus foresees and foretells the treachery of Judas, 21, is recommended by Jesus himself as one of the many proofs of his Messiah-character. His words are, Απ αρτι λεγω 'υμῖν πρὸ τῦ γενέσθαι, ἵνα ὅταν γενηται, πιστευσητε, ὅτι εγω ειμι. I tell you this before it comes to pass, that when it does come to pass, it may *add to your conviction* that I am—*the Messiah.* The valedictory and consolatory discourses of Jesus, which occur between xiii. 31.—38. xiv. xv. xvi. are perhaps altogether more impressive, more truly pathetic and sublime, considering the character, the situation, and circumstances of the speaker, than any thing which is to be found in all the writings of antiquity. They paint the Messiah-character of Jesus in the most dignified, and, at the same time, the most interesting, amiable, and endearing point of view. If ever magnanimity, truth, sincerity, devotion, piety, gentleness, benevolence, friendship were personified, they are seen exquisitely delineated in the language and sentiments of Jesus in this all-important crisis of his religion, his character, and his life. The character of the Messiah is placed by John on this occasion, in the most resplendent light. While Jesus opens every source of consolation, of hope, and joy, of devotion, and of charity to his distressed and hesitating disciples, the reader will observe that those consolations, those joys, that virtue and that charity were all to centre in the Messiah-character of Jesus, and in the conviction which the disciples had of the reality of his pretensions, xiv. 1, 2, 6, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 23, 24, 27, 28; xv. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20; xvi. 4, 7, 15, 20, 22, 26, 27.

Ch. xvii. contains an exquisite specimen of the glowing and affectionate devotion of Jesus, in which he seems to pour from his soul all its tenderest and most serious thoughts. But in this we may observe a desire to inculcate what it was the principal object of the evangelist to impress, a belief in the

Messiahship of Jesus, conjoined with a vivid assurance of the felicity which his followers would ultimately experience. Thus in verse 3 we read:

'This is life eternal to know thee, to be the only true God, and Jesus whom thou has sent, to be the Christ.'

These words are, in fact, a summary of the gospel in general, and they more particularly and specifically express those truths, to confirm which John composed his memoirs of Jesus. The words in v. 3. contain the doctrine which is taught, and the blessed result which will follow from the affectionate observance of it in the heart. In this prayer, Jesus in a very natural manner, shews his belief in the conviction of his disciples, while he at the same time, expresses a lively heart-felt solicitude respecting their apostacy.

'I have imparted to them that doctrine which was thy gift to me; they are thoroughly convinced that thou didst appoint me the messenger of *thy will.*'

'O holy father preserve them stedfast in that doctrine which thou didst make known to me, that their lives may be as consistent with what I have taught as my precepts have been with thy will.' 'I have instructed them in thy doctrine, and the world hates them, because they are unlike the world, as I am unlike the world.' 'I do not implore thee to remove them out of the world, but to keep them from its insidious wiles; cleanse their hearts by the efficacy of thy truth; for the doctrine which I have taught, but which is only thine, is truth itself.'

It is singularly interesting to observe in this prayer how forcibly Jesus feels, in this distressing hour, that vivid self-satisfaction which is the grateful product of a life spent in the practice of all the virtues which are suited to the circumstances of the individual. 'I have shewn forth thy attributes on earth; I have accomplished the work which thou ordainedst me to undertake.' 'I have made thy doctrine clear to all those who are not deaf to remonstrance nor insensible to conviction.'* In this prayer we may also observe several repetitions of the same sentiment, which shew the earnestness of the speaker, and such a recurrence of the subject to the mind, as almost to prevent the intrusion of

* The Jewish idiom, which in general excludes second causes, refers almost every thing to the *immediate* agency of the Deity. Religious belief, though it be the effect not of inspiration, but of evidence operating on the mind, is still considered the product of supernatural power. The above, though a *paraphrastic* translation of the words, is an accurate representation of the sense. Rav.

other thoughts. This description seems closely adapted to the situation of the speaker.

In the description which John gives of the last sufferings of Jesus, he makes a selection of such circumstances as seemed best calculated to leave this impression on the mind of the reader, that Jesus was to be believed to be the Messiah, and that his doctrine was the basis of eternal bliss The ground of his judicial punishment is stated by the incensed populace, xix. 7, 12, 15, to consist in his assumption of the character of the Messiah. This is more definitely explained in John than in the other evangelists; and is to be accounted for, not by supposing that he wrote to refute the Gnostics, but to accomplish the design which he himself has so forcibly expressed, xx. 31, Ταυτα δε γεγραπται, ινα πιστευσητε ὁτι ἰησοῦς ἐστιν ὁ χριστος, ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ, θεοῦ καὶ ἵνα πιστευοντες ζωὴν ἔχητε εν τω ονοματι αυτοῦ. These words express the object of the whole book, and this John endeavoured to accomplish, by a *selection of such particulars* as tended most directly to prove it. The other evangelists heap their relations together in a manner *less* consistent with a pre-determined method, but John has evidently adopted a *chronological arrangement* in the composition of his gospel. He does not, as Mr. Jones seems to suppose, write as association prompts, and blend his materials together, without any *determinate plan.* He had previously and deliberately chosen a particular mode of narration for a particular purpose; this mode he constantly observes, and of this he never loses sight. He does not write, as the theory of Mr. Jones would lead us to believe, to refute the tenets of a particular sect, but to establish those momentous truths which are the *condensed substance of the mission and the doctrine of Jesus.*

We have prosecuted this inquiry into the gospel of John, not because we love controversy but because we venerate truth. In the course of our researches we have been induced to believe that the hypothesis of Mr. Jones, that 'the gospel of John is from beginning to end levelled against these impostors' the founders of Gnosticism, to be destitute of proof. John himself has expressly told us the design with which he wrote his gospel; and the traditionary account of Irenæus or of the spurious author of the *Recognitions* and *Homilies*, deserves but small comparative consideration. But, though we fear that the learned author of this work has like many other ingenious men consumed a great deal of time in constructing a baseless theory, yet we must confess that in numerous instances we have been instructed by his erudition, struck by his sagacity, and delighted by the perspicuity and beauty of his style.

Mr. Jones considers the *logos* in the first chapter of John,

as intended to denote the divine attributes, and he thus paraphrases the two first verses of the introduction to this gospel. 'From the beginning there existed a God, and those perfections denominated Logos, resided in God: they are so essential to God that they constitute his nature, and from the beginning he exists in the exercise of them.'—Our objection to this explanation is, that it appears to have no immediate relation to the gospel, nor to the design with which it was written, nor to the wants of those for whom it was composed. It certainly could not be necessary to tell the Jews what they knew sufficiently well from the Old Testament, that 'God existed from the beginning,' and that he never existed without his attributes; for how could it be otherwise? God can no more exist without his perfections than a man can breathe without his lungs, but it must seem a little incongruous in the evangelist to begin his memoirs of Christ with a solemn declaration of this indisputable truth. We have, for some time, been of opinion that the λογος, which is here mentioned, means simply the Christian doctrine; and that as the enemies of that doctrine had in the time of John derided it as a modern innovation, a production of yesterday, and had consequently placed it in a subordinate rank to the Mosaic dispensation, John begins his account of this doctrine by asserting its superior dignity to every other system, as having been from the beginning, adapted by God himself to the nature of man and to the moral constitution of the world. When Tindal asserted that Christianity was as old as the creation, he said what was true in one sense, though not perhaps in that in which he designed it to be understood.

In explaining the introduction to the gospel of John, and indeed in explaining many other parts of scripture, much difficulty is occasioned by the different senses which the same word is made to assume in the same sentence, or in different parts of the same work. Thus the word λογος, sometimes means generally the Christian doctrine; John xvii. 17. xii. 48, sometimes the teaching of that doctrine; xvii. 20, and at others the person by whom it is taught, i. 14. Numerous other significations of the same work might be produced. The following appears to us to be the sense of the three first verses of John; of two of which we have just exhibited the paraphrase of Mr. Jones.

The principles of that doctrine which Jesus taught, are coeval with the creation of all things, and have for ever existed in the divine mind, and been incorporated in the moral constitution of the world. The Christian doctrine is there-

fore truly excellent and divine, God is its original author, and there never was a time when it did not exist in the mind of God, by whom all things were made. We refer αυτῶ to θεον in the preceding verse, and we will now continue the paraphrase which we have begun. God, who alone has life in himself, and who gave life to all sentient nature, imparted the light of the Christian doctrine to intellectual man. This light, on its first dawning, was obscured by a mass of ignorance and prejudice, which obstructed its rays and prevented its diffusion. A man was sent from God whose name was John. He came to announce the approach of this doctrine, and to prepare the hearts of men for its reception. He was not the appointed teacher of the doctrine, but his office was to bear testimony to the truth of him who was to teach it. The true teacher of the doctrine came into the world to communicate it to every man who was willing to embrace it. While he was in the world the world was enlightened by the doctrine which he taught; though it did not acknowledge him as a teacher sent from God. His own countrymen, to whom he came, received him not as the Messiah; but as many as received him, or believed in his mission, and cherished his doctrine, became sons of God; pious and devout, ameliorated in heart and mind. It was not the accident of birth, it was not the descent from Abraham, it was not a system of human contrivance, but it was the divine doctrine of the Messiah, operating on the understanding and affections, which produced this extraordinary change. A man like ourselves (σαρξ) was made the teacher of this doctrine, and he dwelt among us, and he excited our admiration, and our love by the moral perfections which the Father had commissioned him to display. This is the teacher, of whom John bore witness when he declared, this is he of whom I said that he who cometh to teach after me ought to be preferred before me, for I am inferior to him in wisdom and in virtue.—From the treasure of his goodness, from his moral and intellectual store, we have all received a portion of benefit; and the less favour of the law, has been replaced by the greater kindness and more inestimable blessing of the gospel. For the law was introduced by Moses, but a system of more mercy and truth has been established by Jesus the Messiah. That pure and blameless religion which is most worthy of the perfections of God, and best suited to the imperfections of man, was never thoroughly understood till it was taught by that beloved son, the favoured Messiah, who is intimately acquainted with the mo-

ral government of his father, with the plan of his providence, and the secrets of his will.

We trust that the paraphrase which we have here given, expresses the whole meaning of the original; and, at least, it will hardly be denied that it makes sense of the passage, and a sense which harmonizes with the design for which the gospel was confessedly composed. This is more than can be said of most of the interpretations which we have seen.—The passage itself has occasioned a profuse expenditure of erudition, and some commentators have ascended for the true explanation to the high empyreum of the Platonists, or groped for it in the dark labyrinth of the Gnostics. Some have endeavoured to catch it in the dissections of etymological subtlety, or to extract it from the laboratory of grammatical refinement. But the evangelists were neither philosophers nor philologists. They were acquainted with no other metaphysics than what ordinary observation will supply, they had no logic but that of common sense, and they used words in the way that they found them used by others, without staying to consider whether they were critically exact, idiomatically pure, or philosophically precise. The meaning which they intended to convey in any obscure and difficult passages, is rather to be sought in the common and popular acceptation of the words, in the diurnal idiom of the language in which they thought, as well as of that in which they wrote, than in the philosophical niceties of modern criticism, or the delicate discriminations of recent philologists.—Great difficulties, as we have before remarked, often arise in the interpretations of scripture, from the use of the same word, in different senses even in parts of the same context, or from making the same word in a different sense, the predicate of different parts of the same proposition. Modern logic would not endure this perplexed and perplexing process of ratiocination. But the evangelists were very inexpert and aukward dialecticians; and hence their meaning may often be more safely obtained from a comprehensive examination of the whole context than from a minute attention to any single sentence or particular proposition.

It is now time to exhibit a few specimens of these scriptural Illustrations of Mr. Jones. Though we do not assent to the theory which pervades them, with respect to the Gnostics, and though we think that the author in some of his expositions has laid too much stress on the philosophical principle of the association of ideas, yet we have often been both instructed and gratified by the learning, sagacity, good sense, and sober piety of many of his remarks.

'No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven; even the son of man which is in heaven.' This verse has a manifest reference to what we read of Moses, when on the mount with God; 'Moses alone shall come near the Lord.'—Exod. xxiv. 2. And after being on the mount with God, he goes down to sanctify the people, xix. 10. Extraordinary events, like established institutions, modify, it is well known, the language, and produce new figures or modes of speech among the people who witness them, and hold them in remembrance. This effect appears to have been produced by this memorable incident in the history of the Jewish lawgiver: And *to go up to God, to go up to heaven, to see God*, are expressions founded upon it, but which signify, without intending any *local* ascent, simply to *learn the will*, to *know the counsels of God*. On the other hand, to *come down from God, to come down from heaven*, are phrases, which from the same cause signify to *reveal the divine will* to the people.'

We were much pleased with the following observations:

'Our Lord well understood, and he taught his disciples to understand so likewise, that the existence and the possession of demons were doctrines not founded in truth, but the offspring of pagan superstition; and that those maladies which were ascribed to their agency, really proceeded from natural causes. To be convinced of this, we need only consider that Jesus and his apostles, though they usually conformed to the popular language, sometimes regarded, as evils natural or moral, those disorders which others ascribed to the instigation of the demons.'

'But if Jesus was no believer in demonology, how came he to use the language of those that believed it; and thus, instead of rectifying, to countenance the popular delusion? The people were too ignorant and too bigoted to receive instruction on the subject; and not to adopt their modes of speech, when conversing with them was impossible, without appearing captious or unintelligible. Besides, a free and philosophical discussion respecting the demons lay rather within the province of enlightened reason than of divine revelation; and so circumstanced was our Lord, that he felt the necessity of proceeding with the utmost caution in teaching even those few fundamental truths which were the immediate objects of his mission. It was his custom, and the custom was sanctioned by the soundest reason, to oppose, in direct terms, no errors, to inculcate no truths, however important, the obvious tendency of which was to alienate, or to inflame, his countrymen. The spiritual nature of his kingdom, the abrogation of the Mosaic law, the reception of the gentiles to share in the privileges of the Jews, are among the leading doctrines of the gospel; yet so great was the tenderness he felt for the prejudices of his hearers, and so comprehensive were his views as to the best means of ultimately triumphing over them, that he never openly inculcated truths so offensive: and he was content, during his ministry, to do little more than evince the divinity of his mission,

and prepare the world for receiving the distinguishing tenets of his religion, when he himself resided no longer on earth.

'He exercised the same precaution with regard to the existence and possession of demons. If an object existed near and dear to his heart, it was to destroy *idolatry*, and to introduce among the nations at large a pure system of faith and practice. He knew that the doctrine originated in heathenism, that it still formed a principal part of it, and that when in due time, and by proper means the parent stem would be eradicated, the branch sharing its fate would wither of itself. From the memoirs of his ministry we learn, that though the subversion of polytheism, with its sad consequences, was the grand object of his religion, he did not attack and refute it in detail. He did not himself attempt, nor did he teach his apostles, to clear away in detached and minute parcels the rubbish of superstition. On the contrary, he aimed, and instructed them to aim first, by the gentle arts of love and persuasion, at fastening on the conviction of the converts the fundamental truths of the gospel, and then tearing up, as with a supernatural engine, having its fulcrum in heaven, its arms extending to the extremities of the earth, and its motions directed by the power of God, and thus removing at once the whole globe of paganism from their minds.

'But though Jesus appears to use the popular language, he did say what could in those circumstances be said with effect, to subvert demonology; but he wisely left the system itself to fall by the prevalence of his doctrine, and by the gradual improvement of the human mind. Nothing more, he knew, was necessary to accomplish its destruction than to prove that it was not a subject of revelation, but that it had originated in heathenism; that it is as opposite to reason as it is inconsistent with the character andgovernment ofGod; and that, finally, he could not reasonably be supposed, as using, while among men, the language of men, to countenance a superstition which it was the acknowledged object of his kingdom to annihilate.

'There occurs in his history one striking instance which proves that our Lord was sensible of the common error on this subject; but, instead of refuting it, which would have been foreign to his purpose, he with astonishing sagacity and promptitude, seizes it as an allegorical veil to insinuate an important analogous lesson respecting the nature of vice. He had been curing a demoniac, and his enemies charged him with being a confederate of Beelzebub. In the sequel of the discourse, he tells them, 'when the unclean spirit is gone out from the man, it passes through dry places in search of refreshment, but doth not find it. Then it saith, I will return to my house whence I came out; and on its coming, findeth the house ready for its reception, swept and set in order. Then it goeth, and taketh with it seven other spirits more wicked than itself; and they go in, and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worst than the first,' Matt. xii. 43—45.

'Under the mythological notion respecting unclean spirits, with which he was furnished by the previous conversation, Jesus deli-

neates the case of a man who, for a time, relinquishes his vices; but his habits being too deeply rooted to be thoroughly reformed, he returns to his accustomed indulgences with an appetite rendered more violent by temporary abstinence. What can be more clear than this example, that, in the opinion of Jesus, the only demons which take possession of men are evil habits? What method more wise, more proper, could he have adopted to undermine the commonly received notions, than thus to resolve what others ascribed to the agency of demons, into the native or acquired affections of the human mind.'

The remarks which we shall next quote are those on the peculiar mode of instruction which was practised by Jesus.

'Our Lord, while he surpassed all other moral instructors, in point, in brevity, in energy, in the selection of his topics, and in the prompt felicity of language, by which he expressed or illustrated them, essentially differed from them in this, that his discourses turned upon events yet in futurity, such as the nature, the growth, and the final success of his gospel, together with the effects it would produce on those who should embrace it. As the events, to which he alluded, were yet unknown, his hearers were neither capable of understanding, nor disposed, from their prejudices, to receive his doctrine. For this reason, he wisely adopted a mode of teaching, not unusual with the sages of antiquity, namely, that of conveying his meaning by *parables*. The Hebrews use this as a general name to express any figurative speech; and in the gospel, a parable differs from a metaphor only in this, that it is a metaphor *continued*: it is a compendious allegory, constructed with so much taste and accuracy, as to have an external literal sense, obvious to all, and an internal, metaphorical sense understood only by the initiated.

'At the time of delivering them, the external signification alone was comprehended by the people. To the disciples in private Jesus explained the internal, which, as relating to events not yet developed, he calls 'mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.' By this use of the term, and it is the only occasion on which Jesus did use it, the much disputed, or rather much perverted, meaning of *mystery* is ascertained with the utmost precision; and the sense of it is not any thing *incomprehensible*, as beyond, or contrary to reason, but a figurative speech, which while yet unexplained, is not comprehended. The parables, which Christ delivered on this occasion, in respect of the multitude, to whom he wished not to explain himself more fully, were *mysteries*. He, however, unfolds them to the disciples; their purport is fully understood; their obscurity or uncertainty vanishes, and they are mysteries no longer.'

On the words 'which is shed for many for the *remission of sins*,' Mr. Jones very acutely remarks that

'The expression, if properly examined, will appear to state, not the *terms* or *condition* on which sins are forgiven, but the *end* of our

Lord's death. This will be the more clear, by giving the clause a literal and exact version; 'Which is shed for many, for the *dismission* of sins;' that is, Christ shed his blood, or, in other words he laid down his life, in order to induce, in order to supply, all Jews, as well as Gentiles, with an adequative motive to *dismiss* their sins; that being purified from their iniquities, by repentance and reformation, they might be received into favour with God. This was a matter of high importance for our Lord explicitly to state. The Pharisees, priding in their privileges, as the descendants of Abraham, thbught they might continue in the indulgence of their favourite vices; and the Gnostics maintained, that as the followers of Christ, they were under no obligation to forsake their sins. In opposition to these opinions, our Lord inculcates, that it was the indispensable duty of all men, whatever might be their rank or nation, to become virtuous and holy; that the direct object of his death was to produce repentance and amendment in his followers, and not to offer an apology or compensation for such immoral habits, as they deemed too dear or too obstinate to be abandoned. Finally, the Jewish converts, being the peculiar people of God, imagined, that they alone enjoyed his favour, or that the Gentiles were not to share in the blessings of the Gospel; and in allusion to this mistake, Jesus insinuates, that the benefit of his death would be extended to every man, however distinguished by birth or condition, who under the influence of the motives to virtue afforded by that death, should dismiss his sins. As the errors which Jesus had in view, were peculiar to the Jews, Matthew, who wrote for that nation, has alone recorded them. The death of Christ, in connection with his resurrection, is the only foundation of belief in a future state; it is therefore, the event from which the value and efficacy of his gospel are chiefly derived.'

The subjects, which have particularly engaged the learned disquisitions of Mr. Jones in the present work are the following, which we cannot forbear stating because we hope that it will induce the theological student to purchase his work, from the attentive perusal of which he will derive considerable benefit.

'1. Introduction to the gospel of Luke. 2. The introduction of John. 3. The mission and preaching of the Baptist. 4. The testimony of John concerning Jesus. 5. The imprisonment and death of John. 6. The temptation of Jesus. 7. Jesus removeth to Capernaum; calleth his disciples. 8. The marriage feast. 9. The conversation of Jesus with Nicodemus. 10. Jesus discourses with the woman of Samaria. 11. Sermon on the mount (part I.) 12. Sermon on the mount (part II.) 13. Sermon on the mount (part III.) 14. Sermon on the mount (part IV.) 15. Jesus cleanses the leper, and cures the Centurion's servant. 16. Jesus stills a tempest, and cures the demoniacs at Gedara. 17. The cure of the paralytic person, the call of Matthew, and the discourse

of Jesus with the Pharisees. 18. The cure of the woman who had the bloody issue, the raising of Jairus's daughter, and the two blind men restored to sight. 19. The blind and dumb demoniac. The discourse concerning the sin against the Holy Ghost. 20. The Pharisees require a sign from heaven. His mother and brethren seek to speak to Jesus. 21. The mission of the apostles. 22. Christ's instructions to his apostles continued. 23. The message of John; the testimony of Jesus in his favour. 24. The return of the disciples. The woes pronounced against Capernaum and Bethsaida. 25. Jesus walks in the corn fields; cures the man that had the withered hand; and exposes the attachment of the Pharisees to ceremonial observances. 26. Jesus teaches in parables. 27. Jesus visits Nazareth. 28. Jesus cures the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda. 29. Jesus miraculously feeds the five thousand. 30. Jesus discourses with the multitude about bread. 31. Jesus discourses with the Pharisees concerning tradition. 32. Jesus cures the daughter of the Syrophenician. 33. Jesus feeds four thousand persons, and cures a blind man. 34. Jesus foretells his sufferings; the transfiguration. 35. Jesus cures the dumb child; teaches his disciples humility; and pays the tribute. 36. Jesus takes his final leave of Galilee, in order to go into Judea. 37. Jesus discourses with the Jews, concerning his mission at the feast of tabernacles. 38. The woman taken in adultery. Jesus farther discourses with the Jews. 39. The cure of the man who was blind from his birth. 40. The parable of the good shepherd. 41. The parables of the unjust steward and the rich man and Lazarus. 42. The resurrection of Lazarus. 43. Jesus is entertained at Bethany, enters into Jerusalem. 44. Some Greeks wish to see Jesus; A voice from heaven: He discourses concerning his mission. 45. Jesus prophecies concerning the destruction of Jerusalem. 46. The parable of the ten virgins. 47. The parable of the talents. An account of the last judgment. 48. Institution of the Eucharist. 49. Jesus foretells the denial of Peter—hears the servant of the high priest—his agony in the garden. 50. The motive of Judas in betraying his master—his death. 51. The events which accompanied the crucifixion of Jesus; he is wounded by the soldiers. 52. Jesus expostulates with Peter; his ascension. Appendix. 1. The cause of harmony and dissonance in the four gospels unfolded. The hypothesis of Mr. Marsh stated, and refuted. 2. Farther remarks on the Logos. 3. The commonly received interpretation of the temptation of Christ refuted. The hypothesis of Farmer on the same subject, refuted. 4. Remarks on the Greek article in the New Testament.

ART. II.—*A Translation of the Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, with the original Text; and Notes critical, and illustrative of ancient and modern Husbandry. By William Stawell, A. M. Rector of Kilmalooda, in the Diocese of Cork.* Longman. 1808.

'IF notes had accompanied Mr. Sotheby's version,' says Mr. Stawell, at the end of his introduction, 'mine certainly should never have seen the light.' Why not then publish the notes only? Supply the deficiency of Mr. Sotheby, and never pretend to rival him in that excellence which he is allowed to have displayed?

And yet we cannot help thinking Mr. Sotheby is allowed too much. He has given a most faithful and in many passages a most poetical version of the Georgics; but in the prodigies accompanying the death of Cæsar; in the praises of Italy; in the Scythian winter, and pestilence of the Alps; and, above all, in the Orpheus and Eurydice, he has fallen very short of Dryden—he has, in a word, rendered every part of the didactic and agricultural poet excellently; but has failed to represent with adequate spirit the poet of elevated sentiment and of bold imagination. We should rather perhaps, say that these passages have been preoccupied. Here Dryden was happy, was at home, was successful. He felt strongly, and strongly painted what he felt. To quote his transcendant beauties would be invidious—to quote the inferior graces of Mr. Sotheby would be equally destructive of the fame of Mr. Stawell. For all he pretends to is mediocrity—and that he does not often reach.

But to come to example. Page 5, we have the following opposition of translation to original—or rather laws of quantity opposed to laws of Latin.

'And thou, Tegæan Pan!'

Adsis O! Tegeæe favens!

Mænălus is kindly marked short in the antepenultima. And Athēna (by way of a synonyme for Minerva) long. Now really we thought this at first the superfluity of prosody. But alas! it proves to be a work of supererogation performed by a gross sinner. For Mr. Stawell is a wholesale dealer in false quantities.

For instance, and yet we hardly know *how* to pronounce this line.

'Horrid, bearing Japetus huge to light.'

Cæumque, Japetumque. P. 39.

In the following passages we unfortunately cannot mistake the author.

'Glaucus, Panopé, Ino's son adore.'

Glauco, et Panopeæ, &c. P. 57.

'Aminean too.'

Sunt et Amineæ vites, &c. P. 81.

(Obiter—We may just remark that 'dure' is written for endure' in this page; as 'pal' is for 'appal' in another.)

P. 127. We have Sperchĭus and Taygētus. A German could not have done more.

P. 139. 'Assaric' is a vile abbreviation for 'Assaricus, as 'Argite' is for 'Argitis,' 'arbute' for 'arbutus,' and sundry others. 141. Again 'Taygētus.'

P. 147. 'Cyllārus.'

155. 'Tanāger'—ignorantly supposed to be long in the marked syllable, because the same syllable is long in the inflected cases from the meeting of a consonant and liquid.

185. 'Onāger'—wrong, from the same cause of mistake.

203.—'Tisiphōne' This is indeed a *furious* error—not a splendid one.

213. 'Cybēle,' certainly authorized, but more usually short with the letter l, and long with the letter b, Cybābe. Nor let the despisers of quantity sneer at the difference. Trifling as the sanction may be, authority is the only sanction we can have in many similar cases.

217. 'Priăpus.' We fear the rector of Kilmalooda has unpardonably offended this irascible deity.

219. We cannot help cursorily noticing (though upon another subject) the bad taste of rhyming the first line of a new paragraph with the last line of the preceding. Particularly where the whole picture is so beautiful as that which Virgil has drawn of the Corycian old man.

'Taygēte' page 231. 245. 'Eph're' for 'Ephyre;' 'Dēiopea'—ibid.—And 'Clyměne' again kindly marked. 247. 'Hyp'nis' for Hypanis.' 265. 'Had mark'd and 'TORE' for '*torn*' in a passage the author particularly commemorates in his note.—Numerous as these errors are, we assure our readers we could swell the list, particularly of grammatical faults.

But not to dwell any longer on the disagreeable detection of particular blemishes, let us proceed to some more general

remarks, applicable to all the translators of Virgil, and we fear thoroughly condemnatory of Mr. Stawell.

It would be superfluous indeed to point out the difficulties of accommodating our English idiom to a correct and at the same time a truly poetical version of any Latin author. Spirit and fidelity have ever been at variance in the execution of this task; and we know not one translation in our language which has given a perfectly faithful representation of its original, and enriched the compositions of its own country with a good poem. Pope has conferred the latter benefit upon his countrymen; but the venerable Grecian would have stared indeed at the finery in which he is clad by his translator, could his spirit have appeared in the grotto at Twickenham. His *spirit* however certainly did appear there—at least it was transfused into the English Iliad—and we mean not to censure the noblest translation which perhaps any language can exhibit, when we mention its allowed disagreement with the *manner* of its original. We contend that this disagreement is unavoidable, that the problem of reconciling exactness with animation in a copy of this kind has never been solved—and is indeed incapable of solution.

Now if this be true, and surely any observing scholar will be convinced that it not only is but must be the case, in all our versions of ancient authors, how much more forcibly must the remark apply to the translations of Virgil than to those of any other poet. The peculiarities of Virgil's style are compression and majesty.

Almost every Latin phrase requires dilation to be expressed in English. But Virgil's phrases, nay his very epithets, are pregnant with meaning, and it is impossible to render them even into prose correctly, without much amplification. Here then the first characteristic of his style is obviously unattainable. In short the fact is, style cannot be copied in a different language—a language radically and entirely different.

But, as to the second quality of Virgil, who will pretend to carry his national predilections far enough to assert, that the English language is capable of the dignity of the Latin? What shall we do with our Gothic articles and pronouns, with our hissing terminations, and whole disjointed grammar?—Milton has indeed given us an example of a dignified style—but is it English? Is it not dignified because it is latinized, because the natural order of our language is inverted? But this is not the place to discuss a question of considerable importance to our poetical taste. With the exception of Milton, our writers, perhaps wisely, have not pretend-

ed to be majestic, so that this excellence of Virgil is not only unattained, but even unattempted. And as in the former quality of compression, so in the latter of majesty, we believe his style to be inimitable by the English.

What then remains to be done by the translator? much indeed, and amply sufficient if well done, to gratify those readers who are unacquainted with the language of his original.

First, let him preserve all the matter of his author. But let this be done, not with a servile closeness, but with the feeling and spirit which the passage suggests. Let him throughout remember, that he is writing to please an English reader—and if a Latin sentence be stubborn, and untranslatable, after many attempts, let him boldly substitute a paraphrase, as little diffuse, and as like a translation as he can. Let him not only previously become acquainted with every difficulty of his author, but let him have unravelled it by the aid of the best commentators, and his own freely exercised judgment. Then, without interruption or delay, let him read his original through and through, have it in short by heart, rather than by rote, and begin his task all glowing with ancient images, sentiments, and expressions.

The verse still remains to be considered. And who can doubt that Dryden, sometimes taken as an exclusive model, sometimes as he is corrected and smoothed by Pope, should here be the mirror of our fashion? Away with the false vigour of rude and broken versification.—Let us not return to Hall and Donne, when we have later and nobler models—let us not put up with Ennius and Lucilius, when we have Virgil and Horace in our hands. Though we may live in an age of prosaic vulgarity or of vicious refinement, let us not to avoid these faults, fly back to the rugged measures of our forefathers—let us return no farther than to our Augustan age, and endeavour—vain and hopeless as the struggle is too sure to prove!—nobly, we say, endeavour to fix exclusive attention on those examples of propriety, of grace, of true spirit, and just harmony of versification, which are to be found in the writings of Dryden and of Pope. For the drama indeed we should go farther back.—It is enough on this head to think of the greatest of names, but for heroic, satirical, descriptive, and didactic poetry—for tale, translation, and epistle—let us devote our study, our admiration, and our imitation to the two great improvers of our verse—the legitimate standards, in a word, of perfection in English poetry.

We have attempted to describe the difficulties of translation in general, and have particularly applied our remarks to Virgil.—We have said something of the duties of a translator, and have mentioned the best models which he can select. It remains for us to observe how far Mr. Stawell has overcome these difficulties, how far he has discharged these duties, how much he has attended to these examples. But first let us still farther guard against a misconception of our praise of Dryden's Translation of the Georgics.—We know it to be loose and slovenly; often incorrect from carelessness; often diffuse from intention, when it might have been much closer, and still poetical. But we contend that these faults are to be found only in the more dry and difficult parts of the original. That miserable hurry and distress in which Dryden wrote, could have been but little alleviated by an examination of the ancient plough, and the rules of Italian husbandry—but in the episodes, where rural beauty or its devastation are described, and still more where the noblest and most affecting images are to be introduced, there we see the father of English harmony in all his genius, in all his animation, in all his vigorous and natural flow of poetry. On these occasions,

> 'His present state, his future lot,
> His cares, his wants, were all forgot—
> Cold penury, and age's frost
> In the full tide of song were lost.'
>
> *The Lay of the last Minstrel.*

Nor let us be thought to detract too much from the well-earned honours of Mr. Sotheby, when we only say that in passages which particularly excited the attention of our noblest poet, he has been inferior. In all the other parts of the Georgics, (and let it be remembered this is much the larger proportion) he has excelled Dryden, and of course every other competitor.

But we shall be expected to support by some extracts our general bad opinion of Mr. Stawell's performance.

Let the following suffice—Georgic 1. line 56—of the original.

> 'See Lydia's mount her saffron odours boast,
> And India freighted from her ivory coast.
> In frankincense the soft Sabæans trade,
> But the stripped Chalyb vends the Spanish blade:
> The odorous castor Pontus sends abroad:
> While thou, Epirus, all thy care bestowed
> On Mares triumphant on the Olympic road.'

"*Thou bestowed,*" is a most elegant innovation upon the accidence.

Page 23 of the translation.—We have an apparent Iricism—After having said, (most preposterously indeed as to expression in the second line)

> 'Then steel was temper'd from the mineral land,
> And the saw's thin blade grated in the hand;'

Mr. Stawell tells us

> 'The wedge was all those early ages knew,
> To cleave the timber that in splinters flew.'

but had he placed this couplet in a parenthesis, and merely written 'earlier,' or 'earliest ages,' instead of 'early,' he would have avoided the imputation so commonly, and often unjustly, thrown upon his countrymen.

It is with great pleasure that we find ourselves able to select one passage of spirit from the version of the first Georgic—it is indeed a city in the desert—a single eminence in a weary flat.

The description of the storm in autumn affords this agreeable contrast to the rest of the book—we except the four first lines.

> 'Oft when the farmer, with regardful fear,
> Has called the sickle to the ripened ear,
> And cut the barley drooping in his hand,
> While dry the stalk, and yellow looked the land,
> I've seen the winds in madding fury meet,
> Whirl the full harvest from it's rooted seat,
> Light stems and stubbles tost in eddies round
> Till the black tempest deadened all the ground,
> Oft too the floods in lawless deluge rise,
> Gathering immensely from the watery skies,
> And clouds embodied brood along the main,
> To load the tempest with their dismal rain:
> Down pour the heavens; the elemental fray
> Both toils of man and ox hath swept away;
> Ditches o'erflow, the swelling rivers roar,
> And ocean's surge boils fretting to the shore.
> The Almighty wrapt in deepest night retires
> To hurl from flaming hand his forky fires,
> And earth astonished, as the thunders roll,
> Trembles convulsive to her utmost pole.
> The beasts have fled—through all the world appear,
> Mortals made lowly by a prostrate fear.
> With burning bolt he dashes Athos down,
> Or Rhodope, in smoking ruins blown,

The proud Ceraunia lift their heads in vain;
The God has felled their mountains to the plain,
Thick falls the rain, the winds redouble more,
Now fill the woods, now howling lash the shore.'

In the description of the prodigies on the death of Cæsar, Mr. Stawell abounds in weak bombast, and inharmonious tameness. For instance

'Through the hushed trees a mighty voice was heard,

Very well—but mark what follows:

And spectres wondrous pale have oft appear'd
At dead of night: alas! unheard-of woe!
The cattle speak; rivers no longer flow;
The earth gapes wide; ivory idols weep;
And drops of sweat o'er brazen statues creep.'

The succeeding lines are a turgid rhapsody.

'Eridanus, the monarch of the floods,
With whirling fury deluges the woods,
His tortuous course the madd'ning torrent holds.' &c. &c.

In the second book we have a curious translation of some lines upon grafting.

'Lo! the rough arbutes scion-nuts sustain,
And apples strong have decked the barren plane:
Chesnuts have flourished with their beechen bow'rs,
And pears on quick beam shed their hoary flow'rs—
And craunching swine beneath the elm have broke,
Acorns inserted from the stately oak.'

Again, on grapes:

'What flattering verse thee, Rhœtian grape, can tell!
But thou contend not with Falernian cell—
Aminēan too, from whence the stoutest wines,
Imolus to thee, and Phanæ's prince, resigns!—
The lesser Argite, who no rival fears,
To flow so much, or dure so many years—
Nor shall the bard his praise to thee refuse
Thou Rhodian wine reserved for sacred use;
Nor thee in silence pass, Bumastus grape,
For clusters fam'd of large and swelling shape:
Nor are their numbers equal to report,
Their various names, so multiplied each sort;
Nor boots it much their number to discern,
Which he who vainly should attempt to learn,
May also wish—&c. &c.'

It may, however, be said that the two preceding ex-

tracts are translations of unpoetical passages in the original. Let us give Mr. Stawell an opportunity of displaying himself in the version of those noble praises of a country life. Line 490. Georgic ii.

> 'Happy the sage whose mind no terror awes,
> To Heaven explores the universal cause;
> Who tramples fate's inexorable power,
> And greedy Acheron with sullen roar!
> Blest too the swain who old Sylvanus knows,
> To Pan and rural nymphs fulfill'd his vows!
> Nor fasces him nor royal purple moves,
> Nor discord rending false fraternal loves;
> Nor Dacians from conspiring Ister 'pall,
> Nor Rome distracts nor kingdoms doomed to fall.
> Nor envies he the opulent or great,
> Nor sighs repining at the poor man's fate.
> His fruit he gathers from the loaded boughs,
> Which on the swain his willing farm bestows
> Nor restless seeks for popular applause,
> The madding Forum, and its iron laws.'

Our progress through this tedious translation has not been without some resemblance of the journey of Æneas through the realms of darkness—but with this unhappy difference that *our* guide has never conducted us to the purple light of the Elysian fields, the

> amœna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

Though some of the notes which Mr. Stawell has subjoined to this volume, are trite and puerile, yet his illustrations of the comparative improvements of the present farmer are useful and creditable to his observation. He has studied this part of his subject with considerable success: and his extracts from previous writers are often judicious, and always afford proof of industry and research.

ART. III.—*Journal of a Tour in Ireland, A. D.* 1806. *By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. F.R.S. F.A.S.* 8*vo.* Miller. 1807.

THERE is a sort of mock-modesty in entitling the work now under our inspection a 'Journal!' When the reader is informed that out of little more than four hundred pages, upwards of one hundred and sixty are occupied in a pre-

face, an introductory history of the country, and in general remarks on the antiquities of Ireland, and the state of civilization of its inhabitants, he will admit that this term is too confined.

Sir Richard is fond of introducing French words occasionally, and he is an artist; why did he not borrow a word from picture-catalogues, and call his book a '*journal raisonne?*' It would have sounded as well, and would not have been less to the purpose than 'gite,' 'disagremens,' detour,' and others, with which he has jostled out as many sober English words, which would have expressed his meaning better, and have had the advantage of being intelligible to all his readers.

The preface contains an enumeration of the various books which tend to illustrate the local history and antiquities of Ireland; but we were thunderstruck at finding an impassable barrier between *us* and Ireland. The majestic beauties of that country are no beauties to reviewers; we, unhappy men! are for ever excluded from participating in that delight with which the sublime scenery of the lakes of Killarney inspires Sir R.C. Hoare, and other favourites of fortune: *and for why?* 'The tourist must make himself *independent*.' O! good Sir Richard! give us but the receipt for making that excellent thing! 'He must travel with his own carriage and with his own horses.' Oh! for the deepest groan, the most lamentable howl that ever graced an Irish *wake!*

The introduction contains a very short account of the early state of Ireland, a more particular one of its invasion in the reign of Henry the Second, and a concise biographical history of the most distinguished characters engaged in that arduous enterprize. The last division of the introduction is curious, as it contains a description not only of the characters, but of the persons of these invaders, extracted from the 'Historia Vaticinalis' of Giraldus de Barri. The character of Richard, earl of Chepstow, better known by the sirname of Strongbow, is so exactly the reverse of what we should have expected in one of so heroic a character, that we cannot refrain extracting it:

> 'The earl was somewhat ruddy and of a sanguine complexion, and freckled face; his eyes grey, his face feminine, his voice small, and his neck little, but somewhat of a high stature.'

This contradiction of character and figure, reminds us of the gallant earl of Peterborough. Physiognomists must find much difficulty in reconciling the virtues of these two heroes with their outward appearance.

Sir Richard C. Hoare sailed from Holyhead on the 23d of

June, 1806, arrived at Dublin the following day, and experienced the first of many inconveniences to which 'his own carriage' subjected him, and which we shall have future occasion to notice. It is a duty we owe to all *poor men*, to weigh the advantages and disadvantages of whisking through Ireland in a man's own carriage. At the custom-house,

'the proprietor must value his carriage as he thinks reasonable; and he is charged on that valuation four and a half per cent.; but here the matter does not end; for besides the duty to government I paid no less than twelve different officers of the customs.'

The tourist speaks with admiration of the public buildings of Dublin, and compares the view of the custom-house from the opposite shore, to Canalletti's views of Venice. It is not our design to take the reader round the metropolis of Ireland, nor to drag him at the author's chariot-wheel through the country which he traverses; but we shall occasionally beg his attention to an interesting description, or endeavour to point out to him the justice and ingenuity of his remarks, or (when we meet with them), their opposite qualities. We cannot, however, allow the author to leave Dublin without expressing our satisfaction at his account of its most distinguished edifices. We wish he had adopted the term *Norman* to indicate that style of architecture, which prevailed between the Norman invasion, and the introduction of the pointed style; that era supplies a chasm, and makes a very fair division in the style of *our English* architecture, and there can be little doubt, that the character of the same art in Ireland was influenced by that event. If by the pointed arch 'still retaining its Saxon decorations,' he means to indicate that the pointed arches of Christ Church are distinguished by other ornaments than such as are often seen in the earliest pointed arches of this country, as *lozenge*, *nail-head*, and other mouldings, evidently borrowed from their Norman predecessors, a minute description of them would have been interesting to the antiquary, and far from irrelevant to the avowed object of this tour.

From Dublin the tourist proceeded on a north westward route and, passing through Castle Knock, arrived at the village of Clonee. We will quote part of page 19, not on account of its importance, but to shew the reader how he manages that department of his work which may strictly be called a journal.

'Village of Clonee; on the left Dunboyne, and Normans Grove on the right. Miserable cottages made of mud and thatched: many of them left in ruins since the rebellion in 1798: roads ex-

cellent and flat; lands cultivated with corn, potatoes, and *pastures*, but slovenly farming. Changed horses at the Black Bull, a single house, which gave us no very favourable specimen of the Irish inns. One of the parlour windows still bears the mark of a bullet shot into the room during the rebellion. From the Black Bull inn to Trim, miles twelve, road flat and excellent, &c.'

The above appears a mere extract from a common-place-book, and should not have been submitted to the public in the present careless state. 'Lands cultivated with pastures' is a most slovenly expression, though we acknowledge that no man in his senses can mistake the author's meaning. We also see no reason why, as he has told us the distance from the Black Bull to Trim, he has not mentioned that from Dublin to the former place: this omission is we acknowledge of little consequence, as all such defects are supplied by a subjoined itinerary! 'The road *flat*,' is at least an ambiguous expression, and may apply either to their not being raised in the middle, or to their passing over a level country.

Continuing his tour in an almost northern direction, the author arrives at Fore, an ancient town situated near Lough Line, and remarkable among other things for the ruin of 'a cell of an anchorite, the sole of the religious of this kind in Ireland.' Sir R. Hoare, who quotes the above, with a description of this holy man's way of living (which is very curious) from Sir Henry Piers, adds that a ruined chapel under the hill bears testimony that a hermit resided there so late as the year 1616. One part of the 'holy man in the Stone's' establishment was comfortable enough; he had 'proctors,' who begged for him all over the kingdom 'corn, eggs, geese, turkeys, hens, sheep, money, and what not;' and if they brought him a tenth part of what was given him, he was enabled to 'fare as well as any priest of them all!' P. 24.

Sir Richard Hoare is by no means a dry matter of fact journalist: trifling incidents, neither instructive nor entertaining, do however occasionally find their way into his journal. For instance, on changing horses near Mullingar he informs us, that 'the post horses met us at the entrance to the town, where the hostler harnessed the *riding* horse on the *off-side*, and did not perceive his mistake till asked by us 'if that was the custom of his country?'

The tourist is on his way to Killarney, and the reader will anticipate with pleasure the account which an artist and a man of taste will give of the boasted scenery of its lakes: we must however keep him in suspense for a minute or two, as we have a few observations to make by the way. It cer-

tainly gives an ignorant reader a great notion of an author's learning to find an unknown object illustrated by a reference to one still further removed from his comprehension; but as it has the inconvenience of leaving him sublimely in the dark, perhaps a more familiar comparison will answer his purpose better.

On the canal at Tullamore, 'a covered boat, like—' like what? why like the boats on the Paddington canal, any sober-minded man would have said; but no, that would have been vulgar and cockney-like; never as long as you live give way to common-place and obvious comparisons; seek for something out of the way, which not one reader in a hundred can understand. Well, what is this covered boat like? 'like the *coche d'eau* in Holland and Flanders, fitted up for the convenience of travellers.'

The same page (33), which contains the above flippant passage, this explanation in which nothing is explained, affords also what we think a just criticism on the castellated mansion of Lord Charleville: we seldom see reason to doubt the soundness of the author's judgment, or the elegance of his taste in decisions of this nature. His censure is directed to the design of a large tower, rising from the centre of the building, 'which at an immense height is perforated by four large arches; and thus its massive solidity and grandeur are completely destroyed.'

After taking a circuit nearly in the centre of the island, the author is pursuing his route in a direction almost south, and crosses the Shannon at Killaloe. The face of the country through which he has hitherto passed exposes a succession of ruined churches, castles, gentlemen's seats, lakes, and bogs; with little remarkable either in town or village, except occasional antiquities in the former, and every appearance of poverty in the latter; cultivation being very unequally dispersed over it: Kilmallock exhibits a very singular spectacle, it was a fortified town, and had formerly a strong wall, and five gates: of these two only are now remaining; and from the dilapidated church, and the circumstance of many well-built houses having only the outer walls standing, with the above-named picturesque accompaniments, 'it has the appearance of a town suddenly deserted and left in ruins.' It has been named, the author informs us, 'the Balbec of Ireland.'

After passing through Limeric, where he met with little worth notice, Sir Richard Hoare arrived at Adair, a place remarkable for the ruins of three monastic edifices, the property of Lord Adair. Here he ventures to prescribe what he esteems a very bold and unpopular remedy, to ruins too much loaded and obscured by ivy; 'the judicious applica-

tion of the pruning-knife.' We have often witnessed the heavy effect of a ruin too much encumbered with this luxuriant appendage, but we fear the frequent use of the knife, except it were alternately employed to cut away a whole member of the plant from its junction with the principal stem, would produce a very harsh and uncouth appearance; and although in the method we have hinted at, the young ivy clinging to the wall and shooting forth its light and elegant branches would for several years ornament without concealing the most delicate tracery; the building would necessarily suffer by the tearing away the old branches from the chinks into which they had insinuated themselves. We have sometimes observed very beautiful effects of this nature produced by storms of wind, or snow, which have broken down large portions of ivy to the ground, and made room for the growth of young and vigorous shoots: which climbing the open space, have by their delicacy formed a most agreeable contrast with the heavy gloom of the uninjured parts of the parent stem.

Although we agree with the author in his condemnation of too great a load of ivy on the walls of a ruin, we do not participate in his enmity to 'trees, weeds, and briars,' but should be sorry to find its venerable interior 'cleansed' of such appropriate accompaniments. We would have as much of these removed as interfere with the comfort of the spectator, and destroy that breadth of effect which is indispensable to grandeur; but to root out the briar which clings round the mouldering column, to hoe up the burdock, the fern, the arum, and many other plants that give verdure to its scattered fragments, to deprive it of the gloom of the elm or plane, of the elegance of the ash or birch, or of the more humble and appropriate ornament of the hazle and elder, would be, in our opinion, no less injurious to the character and interest of a decayed structure, than to erase from its walls the moss, the lichen, and the pellitory, and instead of their rich and harmonious tints to present us with a glare of scraped stone, patched with snow-coloured plaster. This severe application not of the *knife*, but the *axe*, recommended by an artist too, was unexpected: we really should have thought ourselves ignorant of the author's meaning had we not found him, pursuant to the same mistaken principle, in the same paragraph, proposing to recal the mind of the traveller to the history of past times, by filling up the vacant sepulchral niches with new statues 'of monks, abbots, and cross-legged knights, habited in the proper *costume* of the time.' Mr. John Carter is recommended in a note as the *only* artist capable of giving 'appropriate designs for such

sepulchral effigies.' We believe that this praise is not undeserved, but we had rather see his talents exercised in the restorations of decayed sculpture in our cathedrals, where the colour of new stone would produce no violation of harmony, nor its perfection discover its recent date.

Although our tourist declines entering into a detailed description of the beauties of the lakes of Killarney, he succeeds in exciting our interest and curiosity by some of his cursory remarks on their scenery. Of Mucruss lake he observes,

'The majestic Turk forms the southern banks of this lake, and rises perpendicular from the water's edge. The northern boundaries are formed by a long and narrow peninsula, which divides Mucruss from the Lower Lake, and terminates at Brickun Bridge. All this line of coast deserves particular attention, and very minute examination: nothing can exceed, in singularity, the forms of the rocky excavations, or in beauty of effect the harmonious tints of the rocks and herbage.'

We are told of lovely islands overspread with the holly, or the arbutus, of most gigantic growth; on the island of Innisfallen, one of the former measured ten feet in circumference, and the growth of the arbutus is often no less astonishing.

The wild character of the Upper Lake seems to have had more charms for our author than the less extravagant beauties of Glenau and Mucruss; but he shall once more speak for himself on the subject.

'The strata of rocks in this lake are totally different from those in the Lower Lake and Mucruss Lake; the latter being chiefly limestone, which admits of those fantastic varieties I have before mentioned. These are of green stone, which near the water assumes a blackish hue, whilst the upper parts are spotted with white. Nature has here proved herself an admirable painter in adapting the light and airy tints of the limestone rock to the gay and luxuriant shores of Glenau and Mucruss; and the more dingy shadows to the bold and savage features of the Upper Lake. After dinner, we coasted the southern shores and bays of this lake, where the long-extended range of rock and wood called Cromiglaun, excited universal admiration; and we all agreed to give the due preference to this scenery.'

We do not wonder at finding 'the collected beauties of this favoured spot' preferred to any thing in Italy, Switzerland, or England; we have been informed that the elegant and classical mind of Mr. Fox assigned to it the same pre-eminence.

Though we admit that no correct idea of such a scene can be conveyed by the pen, and even believe that a hundred readers would have formed as many different ideas from it; we are fond of sometimes treating our imaginations with a loose rein, and could with pleasure have spurred them round and round the whole compass of this enchanting scenery.

The account (which, according to Sir Richard, is no account at all) of these lakes, has put us into so good a humour that we are almost ashamed to notice two orthographical mistakes in it, 'straitness,' instead of *straightness*, and 'insolated' for *insulated*; these errors must be attributed to the printer.

We now follow the author to Cork, where he amuses us very agreeably by his anecdotes of a sailing-club,* composed of gentlemen who reside on the shores of the harbour; and whilst perusing his alluring recital we cannot suppress a sigh that we were not partakers of this manly and elegant recreation.

At Rostynnan, the ancient seat of the Inchiquin family, is a statue of Lord Hawke, his back towards the city of Cork. The reason which is given for this unexpected sight of an admiral turning his back on a sea-port town, and on his peculiar element, is, that the city of Cork ordered the statue, and when it was completed murmured at the expence; upon which the noble Inchiquin said, "that he would pay for it," which he did; and, as a rebuke, placed the admiral's statue on a pedestal, with his back turned towards the ungrateful city.

Sir R. Hoare had formed his idea of the Giant's Causeway from the name which it bears, and consequently expected something grand or tremendous; his disappointment on finding it unconnected with these qualities, induced him, we think, to exaggerate its want of interest, by declaring, that 'from its flatness the causeway is totally overlooked until pointed out by your guide.'

A range of basaltic columns, stretching forward three or four hundred feet into the sea; many of them of the height of thirty feet and upwards, does not appear so insignificant an object as to escape entirely unnoticed at a moderate distance, and under a serene sky. Hyperbole of the degrading

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* This, by contrast, reminds us of the whip-club, a society of young men lately established in this country, who esteem nothing so honourable as the character and manners of a stage-coachman; who have fixed on themselves the contempt of every man of sense; and who ought to be *whipped* out of polished society, *reined up* in a mad-house, and *cut* off from all right to hereditary succession.—R.

kind, ought always to be avoided in local descriptions, as the reader makes no allowance for it, as he does for extravagant praise, and is consequently misled by it. The remark, that this scenery is more interesting 'to the natural philosopher and mineralogist than to the artist,' is, we have no doubt, perfectly just.

In a note, page 258, we find an unmerciful sneer at the pedestrian tourist; or, as the author seems to consider him, pedestrian *labourer*. Why are the beauties of nature to be monopolized by the wealthy? Why is Ireland to be a SEALED COUNTRY to men who cannot traverse it in their own carriage?' The author has forgotten his many omissions and disappointments in consequence of bad roads and bad weather, his unlucky tumble, (the effect, we are confident, of clumsiness from want of exercise,) on entering the cavern near the causeway, which prevented his taking 'a grand subject for the pencil.'—We will refresh his memory:

He neglected seeing the ruins at Askeaton, though little out of his way, because he received *contradictory accounts of the roads.* P. 53.

'From the inconveniency attending a chaise and post-horses, I could not visit an interesting and classical spot, not far distant from my road, Kilcolman, the residence of our poet Spenser, where he composed his Fairy Queen.' P. 126.

We do not wish to insinuate that this is an acknowledgment of the greater independency of a foot traveller; it is only a lamentation for *his own horses.*

'Charleville. The fracture of a spring confined me to this dull town for the remainder of the day.' P. 129.

'A church in ruins upon an eminence to the right.

Quære. Is it not built within an earthen inclosure?

'The rain prevented my viewing it.' P. 132.

'In a field close to the road-side on the right, I observed a large stone with some smaller near it, which appeared to me to bear the marks of a ruined *cromlech*; but a violent shower of rain still confined me within my carriage. I mention these little particularities, as hints to travellers, who may have leisure and fine weather to examine if my suppositions are well founded.' P. 133.

Enterprising antiquary! We were prepared to concede to the tourist the advantage of a carriage, in rainy weather; but it seems we should have granted too much. The traveller who turns himself out of his chaise in a shower of rain, creeps

into it again shivering and dejected; and, according to the state of the weather, is flushed into a fever, or chilled into an ague: whilst the pedestrian, after enjoying the object of his journey, dances merrily on, only quickening his pace to acquire heat enough to resist the effects of his recent or continued wetting.

In pages 134, 152, 164, 176, 190, 218, 237, and probably in some others, the reader will find complaints of want of time and opportunity, disappointments in respect to horses or roads; or exultation, (as in the page last mentioned,) on finding that his 'carriage was able to get within a very short distance' of an interesting monastic ruin.

We mentioned a note at p. 258: the reader, we think, will be unable to recollect in any author of credit, a passage more supercilious, or affected.

'Pedestrian tours have of late years been much practised, and even recommended, (*œconomie à part*) as being the *best* method of seeing a country: but, I must own, I can only see *one* advantage on their side, i.e. economy; for, independent of the unwelcome reception which *pedestrian* guests often meet with at inns on their road, and many other *disagremens* and disappointments, I never can believe, that when the limbs are harrassed and fatigued by a long walk; that either the eye will view, the mind consider, or the pencil delineate, with the same pleasure, good taste, or discrimination, those objects in nature, for the observation of which the tour is destined, and the pedestrian labour undergone.'

The 'unwelcome reception' mentioned in this note, we may conclude from p. 329 (where the '*wine and poultry*' of Ireland are spoken of with great praise,) will consist, in an exclusion from the best of those excellent viands; an objection, which we should have expected from the mouth of a city alderman, and not from the pen of an artist, and antiquary.

The comforts of the table, he is, we make no doubt, well qualified to appreciate; and we wish him long life and health to enjoy them: but how can he take upon him to decide on the effects of pedestrian exercise? a reviewer, might as well talk of the flavour of Burgundy, or expatiate on the delights of a turtle-feast. He connects the term *fatigue*, with *distance*: though in fact it only relates to habit, or constitution: what is the greatest fatigue to one man, is hardly exercise to another; and what is toil, at the commencement of a journey, in the course of a few days becomes pleasurable; and is a powerful *stimulus* to mental exertion.

The pedestrian, is seldom actuated by other motives than the love of acquiring knowledge, or a desire of procuring amusement. Nine out of ten, who travel in their 'own carriages,' undertake a tour because home is stupid; and

that they may be able to say 'they have travelled.' We willingly allow them the opportunity of making such a boast; and admit, that whilst they receive no good from it, they do very little harm; but we cannot allow the sneers and discouragements of one of them, (one from whom we expected more liberality,) to depress the humble pedestrian; and persuade him and the world, that he can neither 'view,' consider', nor 'delineate', 'with the same pleasure, good taste, or discrimination,' as the more splendid mortal, who dashes over the country with 'his own carriage, and his own horses.' It might with equal justice be affirmed, that genius has flourished more under the smiles of fortune, and the patronage of a court, than amidst the privations of narrow circumstances, and the pressure of misfortune.

Of all the antiquities of Ireland, the round tower, is that which has occasioned the greatest diversity of opinion in respect to its original destination. Some, suppose them to have been watch-towers; others, that they were erected for the reception of anchorite monks. Sir R. Hoare joins in the opinion that they were used as prisons for penitents, and General Vallancey, with a natural prejudice in favour of their remote antiquity, attributes them to the old Irish, or *Aire-Coti,* worshippers of fire. We do not pretend to settle so well contested a dispute; but we cannot perceive how the situation of the door is to be accounted for by the use to which the author appropriates the round tower: its *height from the ground,* must have been intended to keep people out rather than *in*; and were it not for the circumstance of the frequently *low situation* we should have inclined to the first mentioned opinion. We wonder at not finding a conjecture that they were erected for astronomical purposes. When Ireland was famous for its missionaries, and remarkable for the protection it afforded to learning, it would have been astonishing if the science of astronomy had been unknown or unpractised. The priests in particular would have devoted themselves to this study, and the circumstance of the *tower being always near the church*; is satisfactorily explained, as is also the use of the four large windows in the upper story, which is not obvious in any of the former surmises. An astronomer must be able to command his own privacy, and what is so good a security for it as a door at a distance from the ground, through which he may draw up a ladder after him? This supposition, refers the round tower to the fifth, sixth, or seventh century: a date not far remote from that assigned by Sir R. Hoare.

The 'general remarks' attached to the 'journal,' are to us by much the most interesting part of the work. It is

to these we have been referring in our observations on the round tower; they contain, indeed, a clear arrangement of the various classes of antiquities to be found in Ireland, and some important remarks on the situation of the poor; we mean to give the author the highest praise, when we say, that on the last subject, he thinks and feels as a man.

We do not think the body of the work very entertaining, or very instructive; but it must be valuable to the tourist who adopts the author's mode of travelling, and follows his route. It will not materially detract from the fame of the translator of the Progress of Baldwin; because it bears every mark of haste and negligence, and is evidently published for the information of others, without any idea of gaining credit to himself.

ART. IV.—*Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard, with other Tales and Poems. Second Edition. By the Rev. Robert Bland,* 8vo. *pp.* 264. Longman. 1809.

ART. V.—*The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Romance in ten Cantos. By the Rev. Robert Bland.* 8vo. *pp.* 276. Longman. 1809.

OF the two volumes, now under review, (which through the good offices of Mr. Ballantyne, present an elegant and uniform appearance to the admirers of literary ornament,) the first is principally a republication of two poems which we have already noticed with considerable praise, and, so far, claims none of our attention at present; since, except the division of the longer tale, (Edwy and Elgiva) into two cantos, we distinguish no alteration whatever in either of them besides that of type and paper. The additional poems in the volume are also, for the most part, familiar to us, having appeared before as an appendage to the 'Translations from the Greek Anthology.' These are 'Paris and Œnone,' 'the Wraith,' 'To my Friends during Illness,' 'the Savage,' and two or three less considerable pieces, of which Mr. B. now for the first time avows himself the author, except of 'the Wraith,' which, he informs us, is the communication of a friend.

Besides these, however, there are a few poems in the volume which are now printed for the first time, and, but for which, we should not have thought of noticing the publication, at present. In 'the ghost of Conlath,' which is founded on one of the pieces ascribed to Ossian, Mr. B. has em-

ployed a variety of the ballad stanza, and has perhaps shown himself (which we consider as very low praise indeed) not incompetent to rival the best ballad-rhymers of the day. It is more praise, however, to say that the mysterious and *ghostly* air of the original has been happily transfused into the copy. The circumstances of the story are well known to the readers of Ossian; (that is to say they were well known to at least half the literary world half a century ago, but in the present day the same description embraces a much smaller class of the republic) to those who are unacquainted with the original it is enough to state that the ghost of Conlath, a warrior-friend of the bard, rises before his eyes in the dead of night and adjures him, for the sake of its repose, to sing the praises of its deeds on earth. Ossian strikes the harp and repeats the loves of Cuthona and Conlath. The spirit listens with delight and retires, well pleased, to its grave. This is the simple outline; but the manner of it is every thing. For our own parts, among the many spectres which haunt our couches and interrupt our midnight slumbers, we have rarely witnessed so solemn and ghost-like a departure.

Ossian is now just arrived at the conclusion of his song.

'Rivals both for young Cuthona,
In the deathful combat rave;
Both alike in bleak Ithona
Fought for love, and found a grave.'
—As he sang, the spectre's hue
Paler yet, and paler grew.

'Mighty Conlath! Mournful vision!
By the power of Cona's strain,
Mighty Conlath! Mournful vision!
Seek thy narrow house again!'
—Fainter yet the shadow grew,
Nearly lost upon the view.

'In the hollow witch-wind shrieking,
Spirits flit around my hall;
Thee the warrior-dead are seeking,
Conlath, thee the Spirits call.'
—Dim from sight the spectre past,
Riding on the rustling blast.

We shall indulge ourselves in making only one more extract from this volume, and that from the-oft' told tale of Narcissus and Echo. We shall leave our readers to judge for themselves whether it has ever been better told, or as well told before, and shall only observe by the way, that we know no living poet who is in our opinion equally qualified

with Mr. B. for transfusing into his native language the true spirit of the elegant Roman, the vivid freshness of his scenery, the voluptuous tenderness of his sentiment, the grace and harmony of his numbers.—And his opinion we have formed as much (or more,) upon the best parts of Mr. B.'s own original compositions, as upon this little fragment in which he challenges a more immediate comparison. Our extract must, however, be short; because the other volume demands the principal share of our attention in the present article.

'Hard by, a silvery fountain cold and clear
Reflected all the forest scenery near,
No wandering shepherd there had stoop'd to drink,
Nor mountain goat, nor flock, disturb'd the brink,
Nor bird had dipp'd a flagging plume, nor beast,
Nor brittle bough, had broke the water's rest;
Moss and sweet herbage grew on every side,
And aged woods the noon-day sun defied.
Hither the boy with hunting tired, and heat,
Lured by the margin sought a cool retreat;
And as he drinks he seems to thirst the more,
Slave to a passion that he scorn'd before;
He glows enamour'd of a shadowy face,
And strives a hopeless vision to embrace;
Fix'd as a marble statue yet he gazed,
Charm'd with himself, and at himself amazed:
The star-like eyes that shot a trembling ray,
The ringlets worthy of the god of day,
The polish'd cheek and ivory neck, the grace
That temper'd all,—the bloom that flush'd his face,
Seem'd as some nymph within the crystal wave,
Touch'd with desire, had left her coral cave;
The fancied nymph his boyish heart inspires,
That idly wantons, and himself admires.
In smiles his love appears—the shade beguiles
Its foolish lover drest in answering smiles;
He would have kissed his own reflected charms,
And clasp'd an image melting from his arms.
And oft to fold, unknowing what, he tries,
And the same error mocks and sooths his eyes.
Ah youth, too credulous! the fountain maid,
Who warms thy bosom, is but empty shade,
A form impassive that from thine arose,
Moves with thy motion, rests with thy repose.'

It is perhaps needless to observe on this passage with how much delicacy and how slight a deviation from the sense of the original, Mr. B. has suppressed or converted the only circumstance in Ovid's glowing description, which will not admit of a literal interpretation without an offence to virtue.

We add the following passage from the introductory remarks on this delightful fable, in order to justify, from the author's own words, our former opinion. We think it impossible to doubt, in perusing it, that Mr. B. is thoroughly qualified both to feel and to express the true spirit of the Roman poet.

'From the extreme beauty of climate or of scenery which animated the poets of Greece and Italy, arose those vivid and charming descriptions of the country, which northern poets may coldly attempt to imitate, but must despair to equal. In those regions of grandeur and fertility, a present deity seemed to appear in all the works of nature. Every place bespoke the presiding influence of some power of terror or benevolence. The forests, mountains, streams, and caverns of old, had each their separate and appropriate inhabitants. Every favoured spot called to mind some tale or legend, by which it was ennobled. Fauns, dryads, oreades, and nymphs of fountains and streams, accompanied the journeyer on all his excursions, and threw an air of enchantment over the retreats in which they are supposed to dwell.

'Of all the poets, Ovid availed himself the most of this beautiful superstition. It is in vain that we look through the Seasons of Thomson, a work exclusively devoted to rural matters, for those noble and inspiring views which the Roman presents. In love, at court, in the country, and in banishment he was every-where, and in every vicissitude of fortune, a poet. Though addicted to the city, and its gallantries, in retirement, no mind was more sensibly affected by the appearances of nature, the change of seasons, the 'senium venerabile lucorum,' and the stillness and repose of places haunted by their genii. His nymphs, who at times have intercourse with mortals, his 'elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,' leave the impression of reality. A laurel tree, a reed, or a flower, afford subject for some legend reporting their origin, and every object in the creation, has, at some period been animated.'

Without entering into the question whether Mr. B. may not, to the lovers of Thomson, appear to undervalue the real excellencies of that most pleasing poet, we must acknowledge his criticism to be perfectly just, so far as regards the difference between the English and the Latin bard; a difference as conspicuous as that which exists between the rural scenes of our own country and the fabled haunts of Sperchius or Taygetus, of Etna, or of Tempe. Distance of time and place produces the effect of a miracle on our tastes and habits. Thomson will never be a fair object of comparison with Ovid, from whom he is perfectly dissimilar in every point of view; but should he survive the lapse of eighteen centuries from the present moment, he will perhaps, by some future nation of critics on the shores of the

pacific ocean, be regarded with the same veneration (and with justice) that we now profess to feel for the remains of Theocritus or of Moschus. To them our London may hereafter be what the Athens or the Syracuse of antiquity is to us; our Richmond may be their Tempe; our Thames, their Tyber or Enisseus.

The last poem in this volume is of so singular a description that we hardly know in what manner to treat it. It is probably meant as broad farce; but we are apprehensive that it is a great deal too broad and too nonsensical for the age. If, in this refined nation, there are now living any who are able to lay their hands on their hearts, and gravely say they enjoy the most absurd extravagancies of the whimsical Rabelais, or (which perhaps comes nearer to the mark) that they can fully enter into and comprehend that species of humour for which the early burlesque writers of Italy are remarkable, to them and them only we can safely recommend this strange effusion of our author. But the temper of mankind in general is grown too serious to relish any thing so wilfully outré. Whether this accession of gravity be an addition of real wisdom, or, if it be, whether on such subjects it is not 'folly to be wise,' may perhaps admit of an argument.

We now enter on our examination of 'The four Slaves of Cythera,' which we have read with a great deal of amusement in many parts, with very high delight in others, but in some with languor and indifference, and not unfrequently with disappointment and disapprobation. If the most laboured passages are wrought up to a higher pitch of spirit and beauty than any of those which we formerly admired in 'Edwy and Elgiva,' and 'Sir Everard,' if upon the whole we are enabled to pronounce that Mr. Bland, as he grows more familiar with the Muse, has improved and refined his style of composition, we shall have at the same time to remark instances of carelessness and caprice, and more weighty objections to the design and conduct of the fable, than any which we found to allege against the general merits of his two earlier poems.

Four christian knights, of as many different nations, Sir Alfred of England, Hubert of Rhodes, Florio of Italy, and Eglamour of France, returning in company from their pilgrimage in the Holy Land, are made prisoners by a corsair, and carried into the harbour of Cythera. Here they are immured in four separate dungeons by order of Hamet, lord of the island, whose four daughters (so fortune in a laughing mood ordained) have the windows of their respective apartments directly opposite to the grates of the captives, each to each. The consequence may be easily foreseen by

the merest dabbler in eastern fiction. Every one of the four knights falls instantaneously and deeply in love with his respective princess, and every princess returns the compliment, with her whole heart, to her respective knight. Zoraida, the loveliest of Hamet's daughters, falls to the lot of Alfred, the noblest and bravest of the Christian champions. A mutual interchange of festive gallantries takes place by means of the convenient lattice, and something more substantial passes between them than sighs and billets-doux, and infinitely more gratifying to a lover of taste and sensibility—

'A basket stored
With fruits and dainty conserves for his board.'

What a delicious prelude to an amorous entertainment! These favours Alfred receives with all becoming gratitude, and is soon afterwards honoured with the commands of the fair giver to attend, as one of her father's slaves, at the next pleasure party on the water. He obeys the flattering mandate with alacrity; and who shall paint his rapture at finding himself seated in the same barge with her whom his heart had so long, and for such solid reasons, adored in secret? His satisfaction was not, indeed, altogether without alloy, since the principal place in the 'gondolay,' that, of course, nearest to the princess, was occupied by the fat and portly majesty of Zulemah, a Saracen lord, to whom Zoraida was, by the will of her father, solemnly betrothed. Nevertheless Alfred was not of a disposition to suffer any disagreeable reflections to intrude themselves on moments so precious. He laughed, sang, jested, and played the fool *à merveille*, so as finally to captivate the good graces of the stupid Zulemah almost as securely as he had before won the heart of his bride. Zoraida is induced by this circumstance to appoint him the messenger between herself and the fat lord, an office which he undertakes more readily than might have been expected, considering the situation of his own hopes and wishes.

By degrees, however, a few *natural* apprehensions creep into his mind that Zoraida has ungenerously made him the sport of her caprice, the instrument of her idle humours. He ventures to expostulate, and his remonstrances produce an explanation on the part of his fair enslaver more favourable to her love than to her honesty. He discovers that Zulemah, and not himself, is the instrument that she delights to play on; and that every precious gift and token of which he has been the bearer from the fat lord, has been treasured up by the unthankful receiver for the sole purpose of raising a sum

large enough for the ransom of himself and his friends. It does not seem to occur to either that there can be any thing ungenerous in this sort of proceeding. The business goes on in due order. The ransom is paid—and Hubert, Eglamour, and Florio, depart for their native lands under a strict engagement to return to Cythera whenever summoned by Alfred, their friend and deliverer.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus—

And this seems to be the case with our author in the present instance. It is to be supposed that each of the liberated knights has all this while been carrying on his separate intrigue with one of the three remaining princesses. How comes it to pass then that they so quietly accept their discharge from prison without forming any plans for the accomplishment of their amorous designs, or breathing any sighs for the abandonment of them? But let this pass—our business is with Alfred, who now, in a Moorish disguise, and under the borrowed name of Selim, returns to the place which had lately been his prison, and engages himself as a domestic with Hamet to superintend the management of his gardens. We are not informed where or how the pretended Selim picked up sufficient horticultural knowledge for the part he has undertaken to act; but all things are feasible and easy to a young christian knight, eager alike for the possession and the conversion of a beautiful lady, whose soul is in danger of damnation.

However Sir Alfred acquired his skill, it is certain that he displayed it in so superior a manner as absolutely to win the heart of Hamet, who (for a pagan) is the most civil, inoffensive, good-tempered easy old gentleman that ever hobbled on a gouty toe. There are, indeed, passages in the poem that might lead us to infer (though it is in no place positively asserted) that Sir Alfred was the first person who introduced the English style of gardening into Greece; that he was the Brown or Repton of Cythera; and, if so, it is no wonder that Hamet had taste enough instantly to prefer him to any of his Saracen horticulturists, whose art had probably never extended further than the formation of a semicircle, a crescent, or a quincunx. The fact is that the old gentleman was so highly pleased that he immediately turned off all his own garden-slaves and gave directions to Selim to supply their places with such as were better capable of understanding and pursuing his more ornamental plans. Couriers are instantly dispatched by Selim to his three trusty friends, who, true to their allegiance, repair to his standard as soon as summoned,

and range themselves in due order under the ensigns of the blue apron, hoe, and shovel.

The next care of the head gardener is to cause it to be reported to his master that he has an excellent voice in singing, and is withal, a fellow of infinite wit and humour. The old gentleman makes an early experiment as to the extent of these qualifications, and finds them greatly to exceed his expectation. But, too good-natured to keep any pleasure to himself, he appoints a day for his four daughters to come and listen to the vocal powers of his servant.

In a bower purposely prepared and ornamented with the greatest taste by our amorous gardener, the four ladies, with their good old father, sit and listen to his pleasant stories, while the three knights his companions, lie in ambush hard by to observe the passing scene, and take what advantage chance may afford of the occasion. The first song of Selim turns, as might be expected, on the subject of love; for to what other strains can a gentle troubadour tune his lute, while his mistress sits by to listen and approve him?

> 'Thy wiles, fair Rosamond, and budding age,
> That bow'd a monarch to low vassalage;
> The dainty labyrinth, and silken thread,
> That brought the stealthy lover to thy bed;
> That lilly bed on which thy beauty claim'd
> The prize of lustre, and those lilies sham'd,
> Where fears intrude, lest pleasures self should cloy,
> And add new rapture to the stealth of joy;
> Their secret vow that echo tells aloud,
> With blabbing spite, to Eleanor the proud;
> Then hush'd the lay of merriment, to paint
> The jealous queen and Henry's soft complaint.'

Sweet as was the lay, perchance it was more amorous than suited the virgin modesty of its auditors. Selim marks with the timidity of real love the growing blushes of Zoraida.

> 'Her cheek, and bosom tinged with modest red,

And instantly changed his strain to sing of the lion-hearted Richard wearing out his life in sad captivity, and the well-known artifices of his favourite minstrel to work his redemption.

> 'Still as he went, the warbling lute he strung,
> And 'Richard, oh my king!' he fondly sung,
> Oh Richard, oh my king! what tyrant's hate
> Constrains thee, humbled, from thy high estate?
> If pride inspire him, that he still denies
> Thy gracious presence to thy people's eyes,

Full twenty earls of England's noblest race
Shall quit their homes for thy sad dwelling-place;
If avarice tempt the traitor to controul
By servile fetters thy indignant soul,
Her gold shall Albion send across the main,
And heaps of freighted treasure break thy chain.
Oh Richard, oh my king, for thee I stray,
Faint, cold, and lonely, saddening on my way,
With feeble limbs, and heart that turns to thee,
Panting to break thy hard captivity.'
Till, as it chanced, the plaintive numbers fell
Upon the captive listening in his cell;
And when the weary minstrel now was mute,
And oft bedew'd with tears his idle flute
Blaming his art, a murmur seem'd to breathe
Soft on his ear, the prison gate beneath:
'In me that Richard lives—redeem with gold
Your prince enthrall'd by Austrian Leopold.'

Again the harper paused—the fair again
Applaud the skill and cunning of his strain;
But from their praise averse, he caught the while
More dear applause in mute Zoraida's smile.'

But, however delighted his fair Zoraida might have expressed herself with the romantic love of her poet, old Hamet begins to think it somewhat dull, and entreats him to vary his strain and give them some less noted story, picked up in the course of his own wanderings; Selim obeys, and, after some beautiful lines by way of introduction, containing the death-bed advice of Arnaud, an ancient Provençal poet to Eustace his favourite follower, (from whom Selim asserts that he himself received the legend) breaks out into 'the lay of Jolante.' This is a poem of some considerable length, and containing passages of uncommon elegance and sweetness, not perhaps supported by a sufficient interest in the story, and (which is Mr. Bland's greatest and most serious defect) told in a manner so confused as not to be, at the first reading easily intelligible. As it is, however, the only specimen he has yet afforded us of his address in the management of the *heroic stanza*, we shall select the beginning of it by way of quotation. Besides that, in our opinion, it evinces real taste and power in the execution of this new species of versification, we think it conceived in the true spirit of the melancholy song of the Troubadour.

'Again return the flowering seasons, prime
For sweetest fragrance, on their buxom wing
Warm breezes float; and stranger to our clime
The sun relenting gives another spring,

Quickening each heart to pleasance like the time,
The youth to wanton, and the bard to sing.
Me too it cheers, and bids my pulses beat,
With healthful temper and enlivening heat.

'My tuneful brothers waken'd by the scene,
Each to his bonnibelle some tale recites,
How by the gleamy moon-light faintly seen,
Light elves and fairies, quaint and merry sprites,
Gambol and dance their ringlets on the green,
And trick dull mortals on their road by nights;
But I must sing to fill an aching void,
From seasons gone in vain, and unenjoy'd.

'Backward I turn, and when I view the past,
As on a livid lake I fix my eyes,
Gloomy, but troubled by no dangerous blast,
The dull and lazy space behind me lies:
Before me spreads a drear and wintry waste,
And deeps unsounded, and o'erclouding skies;
To the blank past most gladly would I fly,
From storms that threat in dire futurity.

'Fain would I couch upon a careless bed
In idle sloth to hush my soul's unrest,
Fain would I fly to pleasure, but instead
Heart-fretting pain for ever chains my breast.
Hope, memory, glory, all to me are dead,
Or rise by flashes to delude at best.
School me, just heavens, to bear the grievous weight,
Though bruis'd to conquer, and outscorn my fate.

'Yet grant me, heavens, and I will call ye kind,
(Though hovell'd, cruel poverty, with thee,
I yield a wither'd blade to every wind,)
To know the dreams of heavenly poesy;
That no dark visitation cloud my mind,
And fancy's cell be unimpaired and free.
Enough—while fancy lives triumphant yet,
Flow on, my song, and teach me to forget.'

Obiter,—Mr. Bland's style being in general so simple and unaffected as it is, which we have always considered, without disparagement to his many other excellences, as one of the highest merits he possesses, how can he be so defective in true taste and judgment as to allow himself the repeated introduction of such fantastic words and phrases as 'prime for sweetest fragrance,' 'buxom wing,' 'bonnibelle,' 'gleamy moonlight,' all crowded together in the short passage which we have just quoted, besides a variety of similar *whims* scattered at intervals through the volume, which we think more

worthy of Rosa Matilda or Miss Owenson, than of a poet whose natural good sense is strong enough utterly to despise the aid of wanton prettinesses. We give Mr. Bland this caution with the most friendly intentions, because it appears to us to be a failing of very late growth in his style, being much more seldom to be found in his former poems than in that now under our inspection. At the same time we would not have him suppose that we object to the casual introduction, especially into a romance, of such words as are authorised by Spenser and sanctioned by the adoption of some later poets; we have not noticed as objectionable, either 'pleasance,' or 'the soul's unrest,' which, on the contrary, although terms of no familiar occurrence, are peculiarly appropriate in themselves, and rendered venerable by the practice of some of our best authors.

To proceed—the lay of Jolante being completed,

> ————' A tear was seen to pace,
> Bright, cold, and gentle, down Zoraida's face;
> The minstrel mark'd it, and, but aw'd by fear,
> Had with his lips dispell'd the pious tear.
> 'Selim,' she said, 'thy mournful themes excite
> A holy calm more soothing than delight.
> Well hast thou said, that Eustace could impart
> A healing balsam to the bleeding heart.
> The fatal rivalry, the villain friend,
> And constant love rewarded in the end,
> Well has the youthful troubadour display'd,
> And held in honour reverend Arnaud's shade;
> For in his lay, when wicked men defame
> Fair virtue's cause, and put the good to shame,
> In sooth, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet, to hear
> How heaven and truth are arm'd to make them clear.
> Eustace, though wanderer in thy youthful age,
> Some other land may yield thee harbourage;
> And though it shun the noon-tide of thy day,
> Late honour haply shall reward thy lay,
> Unfruitful lustre o'er thy evening shed,
> Or, like a grave-lamp, burn to light the dead.'

But, notwithstanding the high and in our opinion well placed encomium of Zoraida, the lay of Jolante did not give universal satisfaction to its auditors. Hamet demands a merrier tale, as more suitable to his taste, and more equal to his comprehension; and Selim, thus provoked, commences the lay (which we must suppose him all along to have had in his contemplation) in which, under the false names of Theodore, Isabelle, and Guzman, he (not very obscurely) shadows out the circumstances of himself, his mistress, and

her father. The following pretty song, supposed to have been written by Theodore in order to induce his mistress to elope with him, is really intended for the personal application of Zoraida.

'My vessel is gallant, and smooth is the wave,
My crew and my comrades are faithful and brave,
Be to-morrow the day, and bright noontide the hour,
Then prepared for escape let us enter the bower;
And lest our departure thy father delay
My art shall beguile him and lead him astray.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

'For scantly my finger shall stray o'er my lyre,
Ere a stranger shall enter and baffle thy sire,
And raising his forehead enseam'd with a scar,
Shall rumour of tumult, and havoc of war,
With a tale of false import shall break his repose,
And lead him from home to encounter his foes.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

'Then away with thy lover, and trust to the gale,
That auspicious to love shall embosom the sail:
No storm shall imperil thy course o'er the flood,
But sweet halcyons murmur thee bodements of good;
Unharm'd by rude breakers thy vessel shall urge,
While the breezes but warble, and ripple the surge:
Then, lady, to fly, &c.

'Nor deem that I woo thee away from thy home
O'er waters unfathom'd, fair lady, to roam,
In some pitiless region to make thy retreat,
By winter ingloom'd, or distemper'd by heat;
For gay are our vallies that laugh to the beams,
Where the fruitage is glowing, and healthful the streams;
Then, lady, to fly, &c.

'And brave are our knights, and our ladies are fair,
The courteous, the grave, and the noble are there;
And the courteous, and noble, and grave shall agree
When they gaze on thy charms, to do homage to thee;
While the love that began in the dawn of our prime
Shall be nurtured in silence, and foster'd by time.
Then, lady, to fly if thy heart be resign'd,
Leave a ring for the token revealing thy mind.'

In order to comprehend the melo-dramatic incidents which follow, it is necessary for the reader to pre-suppose, not only that Zoraida is acquainted with the person of the

disguised minstrel in whom she has all along recognised her enamoured captive; but that her three sisters, without having made either her, or each other, acquainted with their particular secrets, are also apprised that their respective lovers are concealed behind the arbour near enough to hear all that is going forwards, and not only so, but imagine that Alfred is a person hired by each of them for the express purpose of making his mistress acquainted with his design of elopement. We say it is necessary that all this should be pre-supposed by the reader; for the poet himself eager to plunge *in medias res*, and too impatient to waste time in giving the requisite instructions, has afforded us no previous information by which it is possible to conjecture the actual situation of his dramatis personæ with regard to each other, and the story is hardly to be understood except by a re-perusal after light has been thrown upon it by subsequent occurrences. This inattention to perspicuity and regularity in his narrative is, in our opinion, the greatest of all the defects which can be imputed to Mr. Bland in the conduct of his story; and it becomes still more glaring in the description of the escape, some parts of which are dreadfully confused and inextricable.

But to return. The foolish old Hamet laughs loud, long and repeatedly, at the fabled Guzman, and plumes himself on the utter impossibility of his own sagacity being in like manner imposed upon. Every lady secretly laughs, believing the *moral* of the tale applicable to herself alone, and, when the goodly company have left the arbour, every knight steals, one by one, from his hiding place, and repairing to the spot where his mistress had reposed finds a ring or other token left there in imitation of Isabelle, and as a pledge of her consent to the elopement. For, wonderful to relate, the lovers were upon this occasion gifted with the same acuteness of perception with their mistresses, and each secretly fancied that the good-natured Alfred was merely intent on facilitating the amorous views of his friend. Thus all four become at the same time acquainted with the willingness of their several fair ones to withdraw themselves from the protection of their father's roof, and each, unknown to the others, employs the next twenty-four hours in preparing the means of elopement.

Alfred spends this important interval in arranging with an ancient mariner, whose friendship he had previously secured, the time and place of his waiting with his bark in readiness for their departure. At length the hour returns which had been previously fixed by Hamet for hearing more stories in the arbour. The ladies are again seated around their father,

and the fictitious Selim has again taken his stand before them, when three successive messengers enter, bearing marks of the utmost dismay and agitation, with the intelligence that an enemy has landed on the opposite coast of the island. Hamet makes a long and farcical resistance to their importunate requisition of his presence on an occasion of so much danger, and is at last induced only by their threats of immediate vengeance in case of his non-compliance to move reluctantly and slowly towards the scene of battle.

It is perhaps needless to say that the three messengers are Alfred's comrades, and that old Hamet has suffered himself to be gulled by precisely the same stratagem that he had just before been laughing at in the story of Theodore and Guzman. And here it may be observed that, in framing this incident, the poet must have boldly bid adieu to all the rules of nature and probability, and can rest his defence only on the principles of the broadest farce. On this ground we are ready to meet him, and to admit that the situation is as truly ludicrous as any that can be easily imagined. Nor does it become at all less whimsical as the poem proceeds. No sooner is the old father got rid of, than every knight sets himself with the greatest eagerness about the accomplishment of his several enterprize. Having, we suppose, first arranged their respective plans with the favorite sultana, they stand upon the beach eagerly waiting the appointed hour, when, instead of meeting only his expected love, each is struck with horror and affright, on seeing her followed or preceded by those to whom his imagination immediately assigns the character of spies and informers. Perhaps this absurd contretems is not improved to so high a pitch of colouring as it was capable of, and it is besides rendered the less striking by the rapidity and confusion in the narrative, which we are not sure that we completely understand ourselves, but are confident that it is impossible to convey it with sufficient distinctness to our readers in an abridged detail. Matters are supposed, however, to be soon cleared up, so as to give universal satisfaction, and no accident intervenes to arrest the flight of the three pair of fugitives.

Meanwhile the fourth pair, Alfred and Zoraida, whom some circumstance or other had detained longer than the rest, pursue their walk through the forest to the port where he expected his faithful mariner to await him. After many alarms they imagine themselves to have at length gained in safety the appointed spot, when they are suddenly overtaken by the fat prince Zulema and his guards, and, together with Mortaign their intended pilot and conductor, dragged back to the castle of Hamet.

We have mentioned Mortaign; and ought in justice to Mr.

Bland to mention him much more particularly, since his character is by far the most original in conception and the most highly finished which the romance contains. But it is impossible to do it justice within the limits of so short and rapid a sketch, and if we extend the bounds of our analysis, it will no longer be in our power to say any thing of what remains to be said concerning the general character and principal beauties and defects of the poem. All that is necessary to be known seems to be that this Mortaign was in his youth driven from his paternal inheritance on the banks of the Loire by the ravages of war, that he then betook himself to the trade of a pirate, in which he had made his name long formidable and horrible to all christian nations, till in his old age, remorse for his manifold sins was at length awakened in his breast, and he resolved to wear out the remainder of his days in prayer and penitence on the solitary island of Cythera. In this situation it was that he first became known to the christian knight, and was induced to embark in his design partly from personal affection, partly from a longing desire to revisit his own country, and partly, we may perhaps venture to presume, from the pious wish of aiding in the conversion of a Turkish lady to the true faith.

The grief and despair of old Hamet at the elopement of all his daughters it would be difficult to express; and, indeed, notwithstanding his being a dog of a Mahometan, we cannot forbear expressing our opinion that he was rather ill-treated by them in that affair. Very prudently, however, he makes up his mind to bear his loss as well as he is able, and to remedy the disaster, as far as it is not remediless, by taking more especial care of the only remaining treasure which chance has restored to his possession. For this purpose, while he issues orders for the speedy execution of Alfred and Mortaign, who are in the mean time closely immured in the same dungeon, he seeks a safe and suitable companion for Zoraida's solitude, and finds her whom he requires in a slave who offers herself, of sage and matronly aspect, with a deportment majestic, though subdued by grief, of manners gentle, soothing, and affectionate, and such as bespoke the memory of much higher fortunes.

To this new friend Zoraida soon becomes strongly attached by sympathy and love; nor is Matilda (the name of this christian slave) at all less attracted by the beauty and misfortunes of her mistress. Mutual confidence succeeds and the hidden sorrows of Matilda's heart find relief in the unreserved communications of friendship. Thus begins the story of her past life and misfortunes.

> 'Blest was my fate, in youth a happy bride,
> To all of good, to all of great allied,

And, but for war and baleful thirst for fame
That ruled my lord, I yet had known the name,
Nor left him slumbering in a distant grave,
Nor, galled by sad reverses, pined a slave.

'But heaven that calls us from the world away,
Wills that our joys should last but for a day;
And lest on things below we fix our eyes,
Charm'd with existence, and forget the skies,
Freedom from ill is happiness at best,
And e'en the very summit is but rest.
For not in youth we pluck a thornless rose,
And all our after way is dark with woes.
A bosom husband, parent, child, and friend,
Before our summons to the grave descend,
That, sadly robb'd on every coming year
Of something loved, that changed our wishes here,
Life weary grown, we loath our dark sojourn,
And wish to follow whence is no return.

'In happy ease, high-honour'd and renowned,
At England's court we saw a year go round;
A languid frame, a calm reflecting mind,
A heart to gentle offices inclin'd,
To peaceful studies turn'd my chosen lord
From deeds of carnage that his soul abhorr'd;
On arts, that sorted with his nature, bent,
No more he sought the gorgeous tournament,
But left the shout of victory and fame
To sterner souls, and limbs of sturdier frame.
Well pleas'd I mark'd him bent on letter'd lore,
And Nature's book with piercing ken explore;
The moon's cold waning; from what hidden source
The fountains flow eternal in their course;
The baleful lights that shoot athwart the skies,
And stars of health that night and morning rise:
These and the varied use of fruit or flower,
And minerals of dark or saving power
He strove to search; and as through Nature's laws
He traced some wonder to its primal cause,
Rapt in the bold pursuit, his soaring mind
Touch'd at heaven-gate, and left the world behind.
But next with ardent scrutiny he ran
From Nature's wonders to the works of man;
For books, and travell'd men, who held resort
From every quarter at the English court,
Such wonders told, atchieved by human hands,
As made him burn to visit foreign lands.'

Matilda proceeds to give an account of her wanderings through the world with her husband, in compliance with his

insatiable thirst for the acquirement of knowledge. After visiting the court of Constantinople, they set out on their return by sea through the Levant and Mediterranean, when an accident of the most painful nature detained them at the island of Cythera. The greater part of the crew had gone ashore to pass the hours of a summer night during which their vessel lay at anchor in the bay; and, among the rest, Matilda. All the men belonging to the party, tempted by the beauty of the night, wandered in different directions into the interior of the island, and the women left alone in the tent on the shore, were far from dreaming of danger, when suddenly a fierce and gloomy ruffian burst in upon their retirement, and tore from the arms of Matilda her infant daughter. Unmoved by the shrieks and agonies of the distracted mother, he conveyed away the little treasure, leaving only the sound of his accursed name behind him—and that name was *Mortaign!* From this inauspicious moment, Matilda had never seen or heard of her darling infant more. But when, after the return of the crew, hour after hour had been vainly spent in the endeavour to retrace the stolen treasure, at length the vengeance of the exasperated Christians fell on the unoffending inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and exhausted itself in the horrors of midnight assault and conflagration. The miserable father meditates a yet more singular revenge. Before quitting for ever the abhorred coast, he sees the infant son of some Turkish lord, wandering at a distance from its guardians, in the recesses of a garden, by the side of which the vessel was moored. He leaps on shore, seizes on his prey, and carries off in triumph the reprisal sent by fate. As the first transports of grief yield to the influence of time, the place of the little Rosabelle in her mother's heart, was gradually supplied by the opening perfections of the changeling boy. Both parents agreed to educate him as their own son, and called him by the name of Alfred. Many other circumstances are added, too tedious to be here repeated, but which leave no doubt either with the reader or with Zoraida, the hearer of the story, that this Alfred is the same with the unhappy youth now about to suffer for love of her in the dungeons of her father.

Meanwhile the story of Matilda verges to a conclusion. Alfred had not yet attained the years of manhood when De Courcy (his father by adoption) not yet tired of wandering, resolves to visit the holy sepulchre. Matilda who had never yet abandoned the partner of her earliest affections, insists on her privilege to bear him company. Years had now passed away since their separation from Alfred; De Courcy had perished in the Syrian desert, and after a long

series of strange and various adventures, Matilda herself had finaly become the slave of Hamet, lord of Cythera.

The conclusion of this eventful story, so far as regards the two personages now on the stage, may perhaps be already anticipated. Matilda ends her relation by recurring to the image of her long-lost daughter, whose infant person she describes with all a mother's fondness, and adds the recollection of one peculiar mark of identity, the impression of a rose-bud on her breast. The tale proceeds in the words of the poet himself:

> 'Not to cold elfs I sing, but those alone
> Who every change of varied bliss have known,
> The bitter dregs of misery have drain'd,
> Have felt a pleasure to its utmost strain'd,
> And rapture drawn so finely that it pain'd;
> For only those can paint the wild delight,
> When kindred souls by some rare chance unite,
> When each to meet another self has sigh'd,
> And sought, for ever baffled and denied,
> The heart's dull void and idle space to fill
> With something still unfound, regretted still:
> But should we find, as onward we pursue,
> Whom the soul chose, allied by nature too
> Whate'er our keen ambition hoped before,
> The pomp of power, or mines of golden ore,
> With all of honour and with all of joy,
> Were to that treasure but a worthless toy.
>
> 'Matilda's joy I leave to those alone
> To tell in words, who feelingly have known,
> When blushing now, now charged to deadly pale,
> She saw Zoraida drink the wondrous tale,
> Till all o'erpower'd upon her neck she fell,
> Her very child, her own lost Rosabelle.'

The only remaining object with both, is to hasten to the cell of the captives, and concert such measures as may, if possible, yet save them from the ignominious fate to which they are doomed. For this purpose, intelligence is instantly conveyed to old Hamet of the wondrous tale which Matilda has to unfold; and, as it opens upon his astonished ear, his thoughts are recalled to the memory of events long passed and almost forgotten, which finally terminates in a new and yet more surprising discovery, that the supposed Alfred, the pretended Selim, is no other than his own son, who had been lost in infancy before he was even known to his father, and in whose place the courtiers, responsible for the fate of their master's child, had substituted a spurious daughter in

the person of Rosabelle. Mortaign is, as may be supposed, the unraveller of this mysterious and twisted plot, and is pardoned his past iniquities in virtue of his late confession, and of the happiness which it has at length spread over the whole family so lately devoted to woe and misery.

The conclusion is strictly conformable to the practice of romance. Alfred, so long educated in the christian faith, can by no arguments be prevailed on to return to the superstition of his forefathers; and Hamet, finding that his son disdains to be converted, rather than be left alone, consents to be initiated himself in the mysteries of the true religion. His three daughters already christians, return from Italy with their several lords, to be present at the solemnization of the espousals between Alfred and his Zoraida; soon after which, the old father relinquishes without a sigh his solitary lordship of Cythera, and accompanies *the four happy couples* on their voyage to the land of Christendom.

Mr. Bland in general may lay claim to the praise of perfect originality throughout his poem. One striking instance to the contrary alone, perhaps deserves to be particularly mentioned, the conversation (in the first, or second, canto) between Alfred and Zoraida, which must remind every reader of Prior's Henry and Emma, but more from its general construction than from any immediate resemblance of words and sentences. The beauty of the passage referred to may, however, claim forgiveness even from the critics least disposed to pardon instances of literary imitation.

We have been unable, in the course of this analysis, to give any specimens of Mr. Bland's peculiar talent for descriptive poetry; for which we have given him ample credit on former occasions, and of which the Four Slaves of Cythera afford many brilliant passages, though not so profusely scattered as in the Edwy and Elgiva and Sir Everard.

With regard to another quality, for which the present poem is more peculiarly distinguishable from both of those which preceded it, that of humour and occasional satire, we find considerable difficulty in expressing, and even in making up, our opinion at all. Whatever may be Mr. Bland's merit in this respect, we are very apprehensive that it will not be generally relished or understood. What we said of the concluding poem in the first of the two volumes under review applies with equal force to every passage of a similar nature which occurs in his principal work. The farce is *a great deal* too broad for the fastidious spirit of the age, and the contest is rendered still more glaring by Mr. B.'s own fastidiousness (which is easily discernible) on most subjects of general criticism.

But if we have some doubt whether Mr. B. is strictly defensible on this point, on another, where it is equally probable that he will be at issue with the public taste of the age, we are and ever shall be ready to support his cause to the utmost of our abilities. We have heard it said that he is much too simple and unornamented for the true standard of English poetry, but if it be admitted, (as we think it must) that there is no indecent familiarity or debasing vulgarity in his style; that his versification is always correct, manly, and expressive, and his thoughts equally free from drivelling childishness and weak bombast, we conceive that the objection resolves itself into this, that he has sense to see and feel that poetry is rich enough in her native charms without the aid of foreign ostentation and glitter.

ART. VI.—*The History of Barbadoes, from the first Discovery of the Island, in the year* 1605, *till the Accession of Lord Seaforth,* 1801. *By John Poyer.* 4*to. pp.* 608. Mawman. 1808.

THE present ample quarto will, no doubt, be an acceptable present to the inhabitants of Barbadoes, or to those who have property or connections in the island. To the general reader the transactions of this small island will be less interesting; but even the general reader will peruse some of the details in this volume with a degree of interest, proportioned not to the actual magnitude of the transactions, but to the virtues or the talents of the actors, compared with the confined sphere in which they were placed. We see the same passions developing their effects, which operate with so much force in larger communities.—We behold a spirit of ambitious usurpation, or of selfish rapacity, often actuating the executive government, and resisted with no common pertinacity and patriotism by the legislature or general assembly, and the people. We often see the legislature of this island resisting the encroachments of the executive, and manifesting a spirit of liberty, which is not always displayed even by an English parliament.

Among the political characters mentioned in this volume, there are several which we regard with unfeigned satisfaction, as men whose talents were uniformly directed to the public good. Were we to signalize one of these beyond the rest it would be Sir John Gay Alleyne, who was, for many years, speaker to the general assembly. The public life of this man was directed exclusively to one great object, the good of the state in which he was born.

'The welfare of his country,' as Mr. Poyer says, 'was the primary wish of his heart; but, like many other patriots and philanthropists, his eminent services experienced no return but that of ingratitude.—When he retired from the public scene, even the poor unsubstantial tribute of a vote of thanks was withholden from the venerable patriot.'

We shall not attempt to analyse the narrative of this work, but shall notice a few particulars, and make a few extracts, which the general reader is likely to deem most worthy of perusal.

The fees of office in this island, though fixed by a law, seem still to be left in an unsettled state, as if no law had been passed.

'This evil,' says Mr. Poyer, 'is principally owing to the mischievous policy of bestowing the most lucrative employments in the island on persons resident in England. These offices are executed by deputies, who farm them from the patentees at an annual rent, far exceeding their real value. The remedy is obvious. Were all patent offices executed by their principals, the legal emoluments of each would be a sufficient compensation to an able, upright officer, without resorting to the unjustifiable means now practised; the money, which is now remitted to Great Britain, to pamper the needy minions of a court favourite, would be expended at home; and, in the course of its circulation, replenish the sources from whence it had been drawn. The executive authority would be strengthened, and the country, in general, benefited by the accession of the talents of a number of intelligent men, employed in the various departments of government.'

The following is the original narrative of the affecting story of Inkle and Yarico, divested of the embellishments of poetry:

'An English ship having put into a bay, sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find; but the Indians perceiving them to go far into the country, intercepted them on their return and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, where some were taken, and some killed. A young man whose name was Inckle, straggling from the rest, was met by an Indian maid, who, upon the first sight, fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen in a cave, and there fed him till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor expecting the return of their friends. But at last seeing them upon the shore, the boat was sent for them, took them on board and brought them away. But the youth, when he came to Barbadoes, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, who had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave. And so poor *Yarico* for her love lost her liberty.'

'It will readily be perceived, how much this simple tale has been embellished by the creative imagination and descriptive powers of Addison. And it is painful to add, though it is too obvious to escape observation, that similar artifices and exaggerations have been successfully employed in later times to inflame the passions and prejudice the minds of the credulous misinformed Europeans on the subject of West Indian slavery. It does not, however, appear, that the lady possessed any remarkable share of delicacy, since it is reported by Ligon, who was personally acquainted with her, and received many offices of kindness at her hands, "that she would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes." Nor does she seem to have been much affected by the ingratitude of her perfidious betrayer, "Her excellent shape and colour, which was a pure bright bay; and small breasts, with nipples of porphyrie," were irresistible attractions, and she soon consoled herself in the arms of another lover. In short, "she chanced to be with child by a christian servant, and lodging in an Indian house, amongst the other women of her own country, and being very great with child, so that her time was come to be delivered, she walked down to a wood, and there, by the side of a pond, brought herself *a-bed*; and presently washing her child, in three hours time came home with a lusty boy, frolic and lively." Who could suppose that this is the same unfortunate female, of whom so much has been said and sung by moralists, poets and historians; whose hapless fate has caused such lively sensations in the tender minds of Europe's philanthropic sons? No apology, it is presumed, will be thought necessary for this minute and authentic account of the celebrated *Belle Sauvage*, whose wrongs have been amplified and recorded by the ablest pens; and whose imaginary sorrows have drawn the tear of sympathy from the brightest eyes.'

In the year 1675, Barbadoes was desolated by one of those dreadful hurricanes which often occur in the West Indies, but this storm was associated with a singular circumstance which incline us to quote the description which Mr. Poyer has given of the event.

'The new governor fixed the seat of government at Fontabelle; but he had not enjoyed this situation long, when the country was almost laid waste by one of the most tremendous hurricanes that ever scourged a guilty land. Neither the palace, nor the cot, escaped the destructive violence of this awful visitation. Neither tree, nor house, were left standing, except the few which were sheltered by some neighbouring hill or cliff. The face of the country exhibited one continued scene of desolation. So complete was the destruction of the sugar works, on the several plantations, that it was nearly two years before they could be repaired, or put into a condition to renew the business of sugar-making. Nor was the crop of provisions spared from the general devastation; and, to add to the calamity, eight valuable ships, laden with the produce of the country,

were sunk or stranded, in Carlisle Bay. In Speight's Town every house was either blown down or materially injured. Several families were buried in the ruins of their fallen habitations; and there was scarcely one but lamented some relation, friend, or acquaintance, swept to an untimely grave. Amidst this scene of ruin and misery, the fate of Major Streate and his fair bride deserves to be remembered for its whimsical singularity. They had been married that evening, at the plantation called Anderson's, but the pitiless storm, regardless of the sanctity of the marriage bed, blew them from their bridal chamber; and, with relentless fury, lodged them in a pimploe hedge. In this bed of thorns they were found the next morning, incapable of manifesting those tender attentions which their new-formed relation demanded, or affording each other the assistance which their comfortless condition required.'

The reflections which the author has scattered through this work usually evince great good sense, and they are often very forcibly expressed. The observations which Mr. Poyer makes on an impolitic law, which was passed by the legislature of Barbadoes soon after the hurricane, which we have mentioned above, show that the author is acquainted with the great principles of political œconomy; and that the force of his remarks is not impaired by any imbecility in his diction.

'To check the nefarious practices of forestallers and monopolizers; to diffuse the blessings of plenty, and to avert the horrors of famine; or even to guard against the distresses attending a partial failure of the means of subsistence, are undertakings of so much humanity and beneficence, that any proposal for effecting them will readily meet the approbation of benevolent minds, and gain the applause of those superficial thinkers who compose the bulk of mankind. But these important objects are not to be attained by arbitrary prohibitions. Commerce visits only those climes in which it is cherished by the genius of liberty. Trade, like water, should be left to form its own level; and, although many moderate and sensible men may object to this maxim, as affording too great latitude to commercial monopoly, there certainly is less danger in leaving the merchant to exercise his own discretion, than in cramping and depressing the spirit of mercantile speculation, by rigorous and injudicious restrictions. High prices, and a scarcity of provisions, will be the fatal consequences of destroying or discouraging a competition in the market, by prohibitory regulations. The mutual wants of mankind, form the active principle which gives life to commerce, and by which alone it can be safely regulated.

'The traders of Barbadoes may be divided into three distinct classes; the importer, the retailer, and the huckster; all of whom are useful in their several vocations. Through them, the commodities imported from abroad are dispersed among the people, in such quantities, and upon such terms, as are best suited to the necessities and conveniencies of the consumers. The two former classes

are not infrequently united in the same person. They ought, however, to be considered separate. The merchant who is engaged in extensive concerns, and imports large cargoes of provisions, generally finds it more convenient and advantageous to dispose of his commodities to the retailer, in large quantities, and at a proportionable reduction of price, than to await the tedious and precarious sale of them to the consumer. Sometimes the case may be different; at any rate, it would be tyrannical and unjust to deprive him of the option.

'The retailer, again, confined to an inland traffic, by the smallness of his capital, or a timidity to adventure, derives an advantage in buying the articles in which he deals by wholesale, and revending them at an advance, which yet exceeds not the prices at which they might have been bought from the importer, had he retailed them. His profits consist in the difference between the wholesale and retail prices. This excess is commonly less in Barbadoes than in any other part of the new world, evidently owing to the competition which prevails among that description of people in this island: a circumstance that will ever prove the most effectual counterpoise to combinations among forestallers and regrators, and is the main spring by which trade will correct its own aberrations.

'To elucidate this doctrine, let us advert to a case which frequently happens. During a general scarcity of articles of the first necessity, a vessel laden with corn and flour arrives with a supercargo on board. It may not be conformable to the orders, nor suit the convenience of this factor to retail his cargo. Dispatch is the life of business, and the vessel may be required to discharge her cargo, and to return without delay; yet, were the absurd laws against monopolizing executed with a spirit equal to that which dictated them, no merchant could venture to purchase the whole, or any part of the cargo, by wholesale to revend; because, in so doing, he would render himself obnoxious to punishment as a forestaller. The consequence is obvious; the vessel, by a ridiculous policy, is driven from our ports, and the people, in a state of *tantalism*, continue in want of those supplies which, but a moment before, had been within their reach. Or suppose the market should be sufficiently tempting to induce the supercargo to land his goods; to compensate himself for his trouble, expense, and detention, he will sell them at the highest retail prices. Thus a stranger will enjoy those lucrative advantages which, under a wiser and more equitable system, would have centered among our own countrymen.

'This species of traffic which the law, under the specious pretext of preventing forestalling and regrating, most unwisely discountenances, far from being detrimental, is, in fact, highly beneficial to the public. A large capital is thus employed, which, in so small a community, would otherwise remain inactive and useless; the importer is accommodated and benefited by facilitating his sales; it gives energy to industry; affords bread to a considerable number of useful citizens; and furnishes the consumer with the articles of domestic accommodation in more convenient quantities, and as cheap as he could have purchased them from the original importer. It some-

times happens that the value of the merchandise is enhanced after getting into this intermediate channel of diffusion; but this is not so much owing to any radical defect in the system for which I contend, as to the intervention of casualties to which mercantile affairs are peculiarly liable. The prices of goods are augmented by various causes independent of monopolizers. Supplies from abroad may be intercepted by the enemy, or may experience a temporary suspension from opposing elements, and other disastrous means. In all these cases the holders of provisions will, unquestionably, embrace the favourable opportunity of reimbursing themselves for the losses which both importer and retailer too often sustain from accidents, which no human sagacity can foresee, nor human judgment prevent. And where is the harm in this? The planter strives to obtain the best price that he can get for the produce of his fields, and surely the merchant is entitled to the same privilege in the disposal of his commodities.'

The freedom of the press, on which, in the present advanced state of civilization, the liberty of the subject so immediately depends, is well understood by the historian of Barbadoes. Under the government of Lord Howe a weekly paper was established under the title of the Barbadoes Gazette, the circulation of which greatly tended to enlighten the sentiments of the people, and to produce a more vigilant regard to public opinion in the conduct of the magistrate.

'There is,' says Mr. Poyer, 'no stronger principle in human nature than the fear of shame. The freedom of the press derives its utility from its influence over this powerful spring of action; and furnishes the only weapon which can be safely and effectually employed against folly and corruption acting with authority. The man in office who fears not to offend against the laws of his country and his God, when he can do so with the *prospect* of legal impunity is often restrained from the commission of injustice and oppression by the dread of having his crimes revealed, and of being held up to the scorn and execration of mankind by means of an open press. Hence the arbitrary ruler, the corrupt magistrate, and the profligate legislator, of all countries, have ever been inimical to the liberty of the press, and anxious to deprive the subject of the privilege of canvassing the measures of government, and scrutinizing the conduct of those who are placed in authority over us. Happily, by the principles of the British constitution, the people are themselves the guardians of this inestimable privilege; and it is hoped that, in the hands of a jury of Barbadians, it will never be impaired, nor surrendered to the rude gripe of depostism.'

We shall not detail the accounts which so often occur in this volume of the disputes which have at times happened between the different governors of the island, and the general assembly. On most of those occasions the assem-

bly appear to have manifested a laudable degree of firmness, and an enlightened love of liberty.—Among the governors we meet with a few instances of folly, of avarice, and injustice; —but the majority appear to have exhibited as much virtue and talent as are usually found in such appointments.—Their characters seem to be impartially appreciated by Mr. Poyer.—Mr. P. has not given any account of the natural history of Barbadoes, which would have made a considerable addition to the value of his work;—and have excited a more lively and general interest in the perusal.—But what he has done, he has certainly done well; and the execution of the artist seems to surpass the value of the materials.—Perspicuity, and force characterize the style of this history; and indeed the narration, the sentiments, and the diction are entitled to considerable praise.

ART. VII.—*The History of Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to effect a Revolution in South America, in a Series of Letters. By James Biggs. Revised, corrected, and enlarged. To which are annexed Sketches of the Life of Miranda, and geographical Notices of Caraccas.* pp. 312. 7*s.* 6*d.* Goddard, Pall-Mall. 1809.

IN the preface to this volume it is said that 'the facts came within the observation of the writer, or were obtained by careful inquiry.' These facts are contained in a series of letters; in which, from the desultory mode of the relation it is difficult to trace any distinct and orderly narrative. The author, who had joined the expedition of General Miranda, in hope, as he tells us, 'of honour and its reward;' was embarked on board the Leander, a ship of about two hundred tons burden, which had been fitted out at New York, by that mysterious adventurer. The professed object of Miranda was to revolutionize the continent of South America, to deliver the inhabitants from the Spanish yoke, and to establish a republican form of government. This might appear a very philanthropic attempt on the part of General M. but it does not seem to have been so regarded by the inhabitants, who made no efforts to second his *generous* intentions.

Miranda, like other great schemers, had reckoned without his host. He had relied on the warm and zealous co-operation of the colonists; but they had either no confidence in his promises, or felt no sympathy in the political sentiments which he manifested in his proclamation. Miranda, who

had not learned a lesson of humility by serving under the *egoistical* Dumourier in the Netherlands, seems to have greatly over-rated his own capacity of mischief, to have aggrandized his own self-importance beyond all reasonable dimensions, and to have imagined that if he only showed himself on the coast of Spanish America, thousands would flock to his standard, and inhale the spirit of liberty from the soil on which it stood.

Miranda had certainly inspired these, or similar hopes, in the body of his followers; but they were miserably disappointed by the event. The Spanish colonists, who are, perhaps, even more than the inhabitants of the parent state, under the dominion of the priests, manifested no desire to throw off the superstition of tyranny, or the tyranny of superstition. It is not certain that the people felt what Miranda termed the oppression of the mother country; and, if they did, they did not wish to venture on a hazardous revolutionary experiment, under the conduct of a man of very equivocal character, at the head of a motley group of free-booters, and adventurers of every denomination.

The following is an account of the curious spectacle which was exhibited on board the Leander, which was to bear the tidings of liberty and independence to the Spanish main.

'One side of the quarter-deck,' says the author, 'is occupied by a printing press, at which several young men of that profession are busy in striking off the general's proclamations to the people of South America, and setting the types for printing our commissions. The other side is taken up with two groupes of Mars' youngest sons, employed with military books; some studying, some reading, and others looking at the pictures. His excellency is at the head of one of these parties, philosophizing on various subjects, and passing from one to another with his peculiar volubility. At this moment he is painting the dangers of a military life. He ends every recital of hardships by telling the young gentlemen how much honour results to those who bear them with fortitude. Notwithstanding this encouraging conclusion, the youngsters look rather aghast! which he observes in silence.

'When the old gentleman gets upon this topic, which he does almost daily, he never fails to inform his pupils of his own feats and sufferings when he was young, and in the wars. His countenance, which is always extremely expressive at such times, gives evidence of the great pleasure he feels in dwelling on 'disastrous chances' and 'hair-breadth 'scapes.' I confess to you, I am sorry to find he loves greatly to talk of himself, and likes those best who appear most willing to hear him on this subject; for I believe that vanity and egotism, which are qualities destitute of any recommendation whatever, are generally associated with other traits that have no claim to approbation. I must confess, too, that he appears not a

little tinctured with pedantry; a pardonable fault in an academician, but not so respectable in a hero and statesman.

'Next is seen the armourer's bench, with all his apparatus for repairing old muskets, pointless bayonets, and rusty swords. This tinker has his hands full, as our arms are none of the best, and seem to have been already condemned in some other service. Whoever purchased them for the expedition, was either no judge of arms, or he has been kinder to himself than his employer.

'A few feet from the place where I am now writing, is a noisy set of animals called volunteers, going through the manual exercise under the direction of a drill serjeant, who looks as bold as a lion, and roars nearly as loud. I hope he may feel as fierce when we shall have something serious to do. In the vicinity of these fellows, the regimental taylor, and half a dozen of his cross-legged disciples are placed surrounded by the materials and implements of their trade. A little further are several carpenters, employed in making staves for the pikes, with which our cavalry is to be armed. Beyond this the sailors are seen working with their ropes, tar, blocks, &c. and here my description ends.'

Before Miranda and his *philanthropic* band of adventurers could set a foot on the coast, two schooners, which formed part of the revolutionizing armament, were taken by the Spanish *guarda costas*. Of the persons on board these two vessels, ten were soon after hanged and beheaded, and the remainder sentenced to several years of laborious servitude at Omoa, Porto, Rico, and Bocca Chica. This disaster was only the prelude to other misfortunes. The Leander was obliged to alter her course, in order to obtain a fresh supply of water, of which the crew were reduced to the daily allowance of a pint each man. A mutiny was likewise on the point of breaking out among the officers of the expedition, who began to discern that they had been deceived by Miranda, who had, at the same time, deceived himself. The conduct of the general was not of the most conciliatory nature, and on several occasions, he suffered his passions, to impetuous bursts of which he was very liable, to hurry him into acts of outrage, equally unbecoming the soldier and the gentleman. On one occasion a violent fracas arose between the general and an officer of engineers, on the quarter-deck, and in the presence of the whole crew. The officer had the imprudence to utter some expression of dissatisfaction about the with-holding of his pay, when 'Miranda seized him by the throat, threw him off the ship's gunnel, where he had been sitting on one of the guns, and after repeated twirls, shakes, and twists dashed him slap on the deck.' Nor did the engineer escape without the additional mortification of feeling the weight of the general's knuckles on the ridge of his nose.

The following anecdote will shew that Miranda was not of a temperament which is fitted to conciliate by conformity to those usages which have a considerable influence on the bulk of mankind. The captain of the Leander had revived a custom which he had observed in former voyages,

'of having prayers read to his ship's company on Sundays. This service is performed by a sedate young officer on board. The General does not appear to relish this grave work. The moment the service begins, Miranda leaves the deck, and when it is ended reappears. Two or three officers have followed his example. Does he mean to have us understand that he has no religious faith? Does he mean by his actions to deride a disposition in his followers to worship the Supreme Being? I have been told, that to some people he has ridiculed these things, though he has never done it in my hearing. If, as a philosopher, he deems religion false, as a politician he should allow it to be useful.'

The Leander successively visited Grenada, Barbadoes, and Trinidad, where Miranda made some strenuous efforts to obtain recruits, or rather dupes, among the Spanish inhabitants of the island. These credulous persons were incited to let the general fix their residence 'in the finest country in the universe,' and to 'lead them to victory and wealth.'——On the 2d of August 1806, Miranda and his hungry enthusiasts anchored within nine miles of la Vela de Coro. The fortifications were taken by assault; and the Spanish royal colours were taken down to make way for those of what was pompously termed, the *Columbian army*. On the following day the general and his adventurous host began their march 'for the town of Coro, which lies about twelve miles to the westward of la Vela; where they arrived an hour before the break of day.

'The march was conducted with so much order and silence, that the footsteps of the troops were scarcely heard. The morning was unusually serene and pleasant. A most solemn, or rather dreadful stillness pervaded the whole place. The city, as we soon found, was entirely evacuated, except by a few women, superannuated devotees, and perhaps a small body of armed men, left to guard the jail; for it remains in some doubt whether there was this force. If they were there, they escaped, for we took no prisoners under arms.'

As Miranda found the town deserted by the inhabitants, who had fled to the woods, he went to the jail, where he received the keys from the keeper, and immediately ordered all those who were confined for debt to be set at liberty. This was the only act of South American emancipation which our enterprising chief seems to have performed. The

released debtors made the air ring with acclamations of *Vive Miranda!* when the general, in order to express his anticipations of triumph, ordered the troops near him to fire a *feu de joie.* As these troops were composed of men of different nations and languages, the command is supposed not to have been understood by all. Some thinking that the firing was intended to be serious, discharged their pieces in an horizontal direction; and the consequences proved very destructive to some of their companions who were forming in front of the jail. Colonel Kirkland, the general's private secretary, was wounded in the unfortunate affair.

Miranda remained only five days in the city of Coro, where he made fruitless efforts to induce the inhabitants to return to their homes. But the people declined the invitation which their priests did not incite them to obey. The priests could not readily be brought to co-operate with the designs of a revolutionary adventurer, whose success would probably have been fatal to the immunities which they enjoyed. No political empiric is likely to be very successful in producing a revolutionary ferment in South America, who is not seconded in his plans by the cordial succour of the priests.

On the march from Coro to la Vela de Coro, where the *Columbian army* were happy to re-embark, without having effected the object of their expedition, the conduct of Miranda left a strong impression of inhumanity on the minds of his associates.

'The wounded of our troops,' says the author, 'were carried in litters upon the shoulders of the men, and much they suffered in mind and body in this dreary and fearful march. Owing to the weight of the litters and the offensiveness of the wounds of some of the persons in them, the soldiers and sailors who were willing to do their utmost to help and convey off their distressed companions, but who were weakened by fatigue and hunger, could not support their burden for any length of time, and were obliged frequently to stop and change. Whenever this took place, Miranda flew into a violent rage, pretending it was an unnecessary delay. At length, he declared, that if the wounded retarded the march of the column, they should be put aside and left on the road! This he said in hearing of the wounded, who expected the barbarous threat would be executed, and they should be left to perish without assistance, or to be cut in pieces by the Spaniards. One of the men attached to a litter, conveying an officer, declaring that he was so much spent he could go no further, unless he was relieved; the General said to the soldier:—'Go on, Sir, I know what you can do;'—then turning to the officer, directing the order of march, 'suffer no complaint, shoot that man—give me a pistol here; let me do it.' This officer

Lieutenant-colonel Roorbach, in a very spirited and becoming manner, remonstrated with Miranda upon this conduct; endeavoured to check the torrent of curses he was venting against the men; and begged him to have some consideration for the wounded and those who carried them. The moment the general threatened to leave the wounded on the road, an officer went to the rear of the column, and informed the captain of artillery and several of his companions what might take place. About twelve in number determined, if such an attempt was made, to protest against it; if that did not produce the desired effect, they resolved to resist the order at the point of their swords, being assured of the assistance of the men under their command, to whom they had already stated the barbarity of such a proceeding; and who were not less indignant on the occasion than their commanders.'

Miranda seems to have been afraid of being attacked by the Spaniards on his retreat, and to have entertained great apprehensions for his personal security. The party, however, succeeded in reaching la Vela, and getting on board their ships without any molestation. From la Vela this body of adventurers reached the island of Aruba, where a large part of the officers and the men were seized with an inflammatory fever and experienced innumerable privations. 'Many of them were without shirts to their backs or any other sufficient clothing, and without beds, stretched on the floor.'—Miranda is said to have viewed the complicated sufferings of his followers with peculiar *sang froid*. Instead of making any effort to alleviate the general distress, he sat the whole day at his quarters 'the best house in town for good living and convenience, *picking his teeth*, or talking to some of his staff,' who had as little sensibility as himself.

The expedition was finally terminated at Trinidad by the dispersion of the *army of Columbia*; the majority of which had to exchange their golden hopes for the sad reality of penury and wretchedness.

Miranda does not appear to have possessed talents nor genius equal to the great undertaking in which he had embarked. He was ambitious; but he wanted that great soul which ambition often gives; which renders the possessor capable of indefatigable exertions, which multiplies resources, which makes difficulties vanish, which inspires confidence, and by producing, as it often does, a generous magnanimity, conciliates love, and kindles admiration.—But Miranda certainly did not belong to this higher order of ambitious minds.—He had too much personal vanity for the display of real heroism; and this vanity seems to have made no small deduction from those amiable sympathies, the want of which was very incompatible with his great professions of

philanthropy.—We do not think that our ministers acted unwisely in not entering more fully into his schemes, and in not trusting the work of South American emancipation to his hands.

Small as was the force which Miranda had, it yet appears not to have been insufficient even for the mighty atchievement which he projected, if he had possessed more heroic daring, more conciliatory manners, and a more energetic mind.—Dumourier said that Miranda was better versed in the theory than in the practice of war; but in South America he had to contend with enemies who had but a very slender acquaintance either with the theory or the practice of the art.—From the wide extent of the Spanish dominions in South America, it is difficult to bring more than one, and at most two thousand men to the defence of any one point.—But the concentrated force of Miranda was equal to subdue any opposition which such a body of men might make, and if he had gained one victory over such a host, and conducted himself with humanity and discretion, his efforts would probably have been seconded by the native colonists, who would have had no objection to throw off their civil obedience to the mother country, while they preserved their religious institutions

Miranda erred in the place which he selected for landing his troops; and he erred still more in so precipitately evacuating La Vela de Coro, where he might have acted on the defensive for an indefinite time, as he had possession of the batteries, and might have obtained recruits from the neighbouring islands.—The author says that the evacuation was not necessitated by any want of water or provisions; and we may probably ascribe this abandonment of the expedition itself to the secret consciousness of Miranda, that he was deficient in those mental and moral requisites, which alone could enable him to carry it into effect.—Though we cannot congratulate the author on the lucid order of his narrative, yet we think that much praise is due to the impartiality and regard for truth which he displays.

ART. VIII.—*London, or Truth without Treason. A Novel, 4 Vols. By Francis Lathom.* Lane *and* Co. 1809.

THE never-failing pen of Mr. Lathom of Norwich, has sent into the world another novel. In his preface, he accounts for the title of his work, by telling us that

'London is only selected as being the spot of association for cha-

racters of every description; and the grand hot-bed of vice, of fashion, and of folly, from whence the seeds of crime and irregularity are disseminated over the rest of the kingdom.'

When we recollect the nonsensical trash which we are condemned to peruse in this species of writing, the sight of four volumes is rather appalling; but, as our duty obliges us to give an impartial account of every publication that comes under our eye, we will endeavour to relate the heads of a story which is not without some interest. Mrs. Beresford, a widow lady, left with an only child, a son of great promise, is represented as a woman endowed with every moral excellence, and every elegant accomplishment, that can adorn the female character. She had married a gentleman of independent fortune, whom she loved, against the will and wishes of her family, who had all formed matrimonial alliances with people of distinction and title. All connection with her family was totally dissolved on her marriage, and after the death of her husband the same coolness remained. During her widowhood, and whilst her son was at Westminster school she takes into her house a beautiful and amiable girl, by the name of Stella Woodville, the daughter of a respectable farmer who dies and leaves her unprotected. Mrs. Beresford's son falls in love with this amiable and lovely Stella; and, on his departure for the continent, discloses his passion to his mother, who approves his choice, but recommends him not to speak on the subject to her protegée till his return. During his absence, Mrs. Beresford dies suddenly, informing Stella before her death, that she had made her will, and had left her an independence, which would be sufficient to make her easy in any station in which Providence might place her; that a copy of the will was in the hands of an eminent lawyer, and the real will in one of the drawers in an Indian cabinet standing in her dressing-room with her jewels and other valuables; and that if she died before her son's return, she was to write to this attorney by the name of Wankfort.

On the death of her generous patroness, Stella writes to the lawyer and to Frederick. When the funeral was over, Stella and a faithful servant of the late Mr. and Mrs. Beresford, by the name of Philip, are surprized by the appearance of Lord Dartville, the nephew of the deceased lady, who with a Mr. Wankfort comes to take possession of the estate and personals, in virtue of a will which is said to have been made by Mrs. Beresford in favor of her nephew to the exclusion of her son. This Mr. Wankfort proves to be the natural son of the lawyer employed by Mrs. Beresford,

who had died a short time before. During the course of the day, Lord Dartville insults Stella with dishonourable proposals, which she resents, and confines herself to her own room. When she finds that Lord Dartville has retired to rest, she descends to the dressing-room on purpose to contemplate and weep unobserved over the picture of her beloved Mrs. Beresford.

Her astonishment and fear are roused when she enters the room at seeing a good fire just made, and Lord Dartville's black servant in the act of searching the Indian cabinet. The poor black falls at her feet and implores her forgiveness, telling her a very lamentable story of a dying sister whom he was anxious to relieve; his sorrow and contrition at the attempt he had made, are well described, and the amiable Stella is induced to give him some money for the help of the poor invalid Jamba Perowhee, the black's sister. Whilst Stella is talking, Perowhee hears his master approach; and Stella alarmed retires into a closet hoping to get to her chamber by another way; here she is disappointed from the door being locked on the other side. She therefore extinguishes her candle and remains quiet, waiting the departure of of Lord Dartville, who is soon joined by Mr. Wankfort; when Stella overhears their nefarious intention of burning the will in the Indian cabinet, and of substituting a forged one, in order to deprive the son of Mrs. B. of the estate; and instead of five thousand pounds which is left to Stella, one hundred pounds is substituted. She hears the real will thrown on the fire, and the triumphant joy of Lord Dartville. Overcome by her agonized feelings, she discovers her retreat, from whence she is dragged by Lord Dartville and his associate in villainy, and made to promise to leave Briardale, the name of the residence of Mrs. Beresford, in a few hours, and to keep total silence on the subject. If she does not comply, her lover, Frederick Beresford, is to be assassinated by a hired ruffian and she is taught that herself will not escape the revenge of the villains who have burnt the will.

On this night's transaction hang the only interest and mystery of the story; the latter is very well preserved throughout, and very well developed. At last Stella proceeds to London to try for some creditable employ, in order to avoid Lord Dartville till Frederick's return. Here she experiences various trials and mortifications; at length she meets with a very benevolent Jew, who proves a great friend to her, when in a fit of illness, thinking that she is near her death, she discloses the horrid deed of villany that weighs so heavy on her heart. In the course of her illness Frederick arrives, and

by accident and a kind of second plot in the story which it is needless to relate, at the Jew's house, of which he soon finds Stella to be an inhabitant, and an eclaircissement takes place. A trial is the result, Lord Dartville and Mr. Wankfort are accused of forging the will of Mrs. Beresford, and the case though apparently very clear, is about to be discharged on account of want of evidence to substantiate that of Stella, when Perowhee appears, who relates his story, and the scene which occurred at Briardale-hall when he opened the cabinet. His evidence gives a different turn to the affair, and the jury find the noble lord and his associate guilty. They are condemned to death, but my lord evades a public execution by poison, and Mr. Wankfort suffers the sentence of the law. Stella and Frederick Beresford are of course married and made happy without delay.

The merit of the novel consists chiefly in the delineations of character, some of which are well pourtrayed, but there is a propensity in the author to the vulgar trick of punning; this is a species of false wit, which, however it may pass and raise a laugh in a convivial party, is terribly dull and disgusting in a literary work.—The best characters are Perowhee, Flora Muggins and her son Flannagan —The story of Perowhee and his sister might have been rendered exquisitely pathetic and interesting; but Mr. Lathom seems to hurry too precipitately over the second or under-plot to pay attention to the advantage which his novel might derive from the consistency and delicacy of combining circumstances *neatly* and *probably* together. There is certainly some talent displayed in the novel; and had the author compressed it into two volumes instead of four, he would have made a very pretty and interesting tale.

Mr. Lathom seems most versed in delineations of vulgar characters, and indeed we must confess that he is perfectly at home in his descriptions, and has also great merit in concealing his secret in the story which he tells. But we must add that *London* is not his best performance ;—he has in some measure exhausted his stock of materials, and we are apprehensive that his opportunity of seeing *real fashionable life, or real good company* is too limited to admit of his describing either with discriminating accuracy for the information of the *natives* of this island.

ART. IX.—*A Treatise on Scrofula. By James Russell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.* 8vo. Murray. 1808.

NO disease being, in this climate, more frequent than scrofula, it is better known in its external form and character, but this acquaintance and familiarity has not hitherto led to a satisfactory mode of treatment. We have therefore received with interest a work on this subject, from the pen of a clinical professor, whose opportunities of observation have been more than commonly extensive; and those opportunities, according to the professions of the writer, 'have led various additions and improvements.'

The hereditary nature of scrofula, Mr. Russel correctly defines as consisting, not in hereditary diseased action, but in hereditary susceptibility; or a superior aptitude to receive morbid impressions. This gives a hope, that an improved prophylactic method may be introduced, which may prevent the access and invasion of so formidable a disease.

In limiting scrofula to persons of a fair complexion, we think the author follows more the authority of current opinion, than the evidence of experience; none, certainly, are exempted, not even those who have every external mark of strength and vigour: though it must be granted that the more delicate and feeble, are the more common subjects of the disease. We perfectly agree with Mr. Russell, that scrofula is by no means to be considered as dependant entirely upon a morbid affection of the lymphatic system. We are disposed even to go further, and to assert that the disease of the lymphatic system is evidently connected with the diseased state of the mucous membrane, and other parts, from which the absorbents take their origin. Where the superficial cervical glands are swollen, the nostrils and lips are also swollen. In like manner the swelling of the mesenteric glands is commonly, perhaps always, dependant upon a diseased state of the intestinal canal, with which they are connected.

The swellings, which are denominated scrofulous, are of two kinds: one is remarkable for its softness; the other has more of a firm gelatinous consistence: commonly, neither of them is attended with inflammation. They are most frequently of slow production. But instances of an opposite kind are not wanting. Mr. Russell gives us an

example of this, in which the fact was verified beyond controversy.

'One morning, in dressing a child about two years old, the nursery-maid was alarmed with the appearance of a soft swelling on the region of the right scapula. There had been no such swelling perceived the preceding evening, when the child was undressed; it was therefore supposed to have arisen during the night, while the child lay asleep. It might possibly, however, have been of slow growth, and have been present for some time, although it passed unnoticed from the absence of pain. But next morning all uncertainty vanished, by the appearance of another similar tumour upon the region of the left scapula, situated somewhat lower down than the corresponding tumour on the right. The appearance of this second swelling dissipated every doubt; for as the child's body had been narrowly inspected the preceding evening while naked, and as no rudiment of swelling could then be discovered, the swelling which appeared in the morning must have arisen in the course of a single night; and therefore establishes the truth of a very important fact, in the history of scrofulous swelling: I, however, by no means wish to represent this as the usual rate of their growth: for scrofulous swellings are in general remarkably slow in their progress, so that any instances to the contrary are to be regarded as exceptions to the common rule. The above-mentioned case affords the most remarkable instance of a deviation from the ordinary rate of growth in scrofulous swellings, with which I am acquainted. I have indeed met with other cases of a similar nature, but not to the same extent.'

In the description of scrofulous abscesses and ulcers it is impossible not to be struck with the variety of appearances they assume, and to remark the difficulty of expressing by the way of definition, the precise distinctions of diseases as they exist. Some of these abscesses have matter nearly purulent, and approach to the nature of the common abscess. Some of them, on being opened present a fungous mass, and bear a resemblance in form to the disease termed *fungus hæmatodes*, though the difference in malignity shows them to be essentially different. Some scrofulous ulcers too have indurated edges and fungous central granulations, pain, and an ichorous discharge: such counterfeit the appearance of cancerous ulcers; nor can the nature of them be ascertained but by tracing its history from its commencement, and inspecting with accuracy the rest of the patient's body. Such circumstances bid defiance to nosological arrangement, and prove that we cannot become acquainted with diseases but by experience, and by complete histories of their progress, symptoms, and events.

On the proximate cause and nature of scrofula, Mr. Rus-

sell does not seem to have formed very distinct ideas. That it is the effect of a sedative power; that parts of the system lose their life, as portions of cellular membrane, or of bone, and are cut off by the adjacent living parts is obvious in certain cases. Mr. R. thinks that certain affections of the lymphatic glands partake much of the character of death; or that the parts, at least, have lost all organic power; hence they do not stimulate the adjacent parts to actions necessary to their removal. But what is the remote cause of this great deviation from the powers of health? On this point, the most interesting of all, we remain completely in the dark.

In considering the operation of the occasional causes, Mr. Russell ascribes much to an atmosphere loaded with cold vapours. He says that "from 45° or 50° to latitude 60° is the principal climate for scrofula." We wish that he had mentioned upon what facts he deems warmer climates exempt from this disease. We have not at hand the authorities to support our assertion: but we are confident that scrofula has been said to be common both in Indostan and at Otaheite. That cold and damp are the exciting causes of the immediate attack, we are ready to allow: but without satisfactory proof we can concede no more.

In the treatment of scrofula, an attention to diet should occupy the first place in the mind of the practitioner. We shall transcribe the author's sentiments on this subject.

'Of the various articles of regimen, which demand attention in the management of scrofulous patients, the article of diet is one of the most important. The languor and debility which prevails in scrofula naturally indicates the use of simple nutritious digestible food, taken in such quantity as the stomach can bear, without being overloaded. Nutritious diet is supposed to include a reasonable allowance of animal food. A violent prejudice, it is true, formerly prevailed in favour of a contrary system of management. But experience, and more accurate observation, has now fully confirmed the pernicious effects of that over-abstemious system, and has deservedly brought it into discredit. I have no doubt on the subject myself; and so far as it is allowable to argue from a single instance, I may refer to a case, in which the question was brought to the test of experiment. The elder children in a gentleman's family were reared agreeably to the precepts of the abstemious system, and became scrofulous at an early period of life. This distressing occurrence occasioned great vexation and alarm, and the parents, being people of good sense, determined to alter the system of management, and to try the effects of a fuller and more nourishing diet. The younger children, therefore, were all reared according to the opposite system, and, being indulged in a more liberal allowance of food, had the good fortune to escape any appearance of

scrofula. It is impossible to conceive a case, in which the circumstances of the patients, on whom the experiment was made could be more exactly alike.'

We should have been much better satisfied with a correct statement of the effect of a change of regimen upon those in whom the disease is formed, than we are with the foregoing account. If a proportion of animal food prevents scrofula we should suppose it would cure it. But has it in fact been found to possess any such power? Can the children of the rich claim any exemption from scrofula? Are there on the face of the globe a more healthy race than the Irish peasantry, who are fed chiefly upon potatoes and milk, and who do not taste a morsel of meat from one year's end to another? Certainly children who eat daily a portion of animal food have more colour, and often the appearance of stronger health, than those who are bred up upon an opposite system; but these appearances are fallacious. Plethoric children, with strong colours, are more subject to fevers, inflammations, and congestions in the head and viscera: their fevers are more dangerous and more suddenly fatal. If, therefore, they are really more free from scrofula (of which we have no satisfactory proof) we still doubt whether any essential advantage is gained on the score of general health.

We think the direction with regard to wine judicious.

'Should an occasional languor or atony of the stomach take place, then a moderate allowance of wine affords a safe cordial, which often proves extremely salutary, without heating the system. The necessity of the indulgence, however, the quantity and the frequency of exhibition, ought always to be regulated according to the discretion of a practitioner, who will attend carefully to the special circumstances of the case; and when wine is prescribed, in a medicinal view, it is preferable to give it between meals, with a bit of bread, as at that time it proves more serviceable as a cordial, and is less apt to excite feverish heat, or to create acidity and indigestion.

Bathing has been much recommended in scrofula, in the form both of the warm and the cold bath. Without instituting a formal examination of their different effects, Mr. Russell, on the whole, prefers the use of the warm bath. To the rules that he lays down on this subject, we can offer no objection; but we are compelled to say that they are very trivial and common-place. Nor can we otherwise designate the remarks which we have met with under the article *climate*.

The medicines applied to cases of scrofula are either

general, or what have been deemed specific. The use of purgative medicines is of the first class. The most celebrated of all is sea water, but Mr. Russel thinks, probably with reason, that it has no advantage over other saline purges. The other general remedies are of those denominated tonics. Of these chinchona, iron, and sulphuric acid are the most efficacious. If mercury be used in small quantities to act as an alterative, it ought, we think, to have been classed among the specifics. But we are much inclined to believe it always injurious; and when Mr. Russell recommends the use of one, two, or three grains of calomel daily (p. 72) we wish that he had cited any facts to warrant such a practice. We think also that the simple mercurial pill (*pilul. ex hydrarg. P. L.*) as a milder preparation than calomel, would be far better suited than calomel to cases of this nature.

We are surprised that Mr. Russell, when speaking of general remedies, has wholly omitted noticing the use of alkalies. Though we do not think that soda has any specific power, its utility in strengthening the digestive organs cannot be denied. Scrofulous subjects abound in acidity, and require medicines to saturate the acid, and render it innoxious.

If Mr. Russell's opinion of the efficacy of general remedies be not very exalted, specific medicines rank still lower in his estimation. He places little confidence in the virtues of cicuta. The cases in which he is inclined to give it credit he has rather darkly hinted at, than described.

'I have likewise found it of use in promoting the cure of certain *singular* scrofulous affections of the tongue, which bore a near resemblance to some *rare* venereal cases.'

Surely, had it been Mr. Russell's object to keep his reader in the dark he could not have devised a set of words better adapted to his purpose. One singular disease is said to resemble another rare disease; but in what the singularity of the one, or the rarity of the other consists, we are not favoured with the slightest hint by which to conjecture. Muriate of barytes is called a preparation of nearly similar chemical composition with muriate of lime; though the one has a poisonous basis; and the other has been taken in the dose of an ounce three times a day. By a parity of reasoning muriate of arsenic may be said to be a similar chemical composition with common salt. We learn, however, from the very respectable authority of Dr. Thompson (we suppose the learned compiler of the Treatise on Chemistry) that muriate of lime does no good in scrofula, but that its

effects have appeared on the whole to be prejudicial. We are inclined (from reasons peculiar to ourselves) to acquiesce in this opinion.

In considering the chirurgical treatment of scrofulous sores, Mr. Russell gives a caution with regard to the use of leeches, which may prevent a young practitioner from getting into an embarrassment, and from injuring his credit with his patient.

'Attention to these principles will naturally inspire caution in advising the application of leeches to the margin of an inflamed scrofulous ulcer, with a view of relieving the marginal inflammation, lest the bites of the leeches, in place of healing, should produce troublesome sores. This accident, indeed, is not a matter of the first importance; but I think it right to suggest the caution, from having had occasion to witness the inconvenience of the practice. The disappointment is the more vexatious, from being unexpected; and although the accident may be represented as a trifle, yet no patient is contented when he finds his complaints aggravated by those very means which were employed to relieve or remove them.'

In considering the effects of issues on the constitution we meet with the following remarks:

'I do not, however, mean to deny the possibility of a local external discharge proving of advantage, although it is exceedingly difficult to ascertain the precise state of the fact in a disease like scrofula: I am, therefore, not inclined to regard the indication as sufficiently definite to authorize the practice in general; at the same time, it was probably a reliance upon this doctrine which first introduced the practice of inserting issues in children of suspicious parentage, in order to avert the risk of impending mischief. The advantage of the practice rests upon the exemption from attacks of scrofula, which the early insertion of issues procures to the younger children of a family, after the elder brothers and sisters had fallen victims to it in their infancy. I have heard of several instances of families who had the misfortune to lose their two or three first children successively, having inserted issues into those of subsequent births, all of whom survived the dangerous period of life, and grew up to maturity. How far the establishment of the issues contributed to their exemption and relief, must for ever remain undetermined; but if there be reason to suppose the operation of the issues to have been beneficial and preservative, they ought undoubtedly to be inserted in like circumstances of apprehension. The practice is at least safe, and it is attended with no great inconvenience.'

How differently is Mr. Russell's reasoning in this case, from that used by him in the former, which we have quoted, where from a presumed good effect in *one* family, he inferred

the utility of animal food upon scrofulous habits? The facts alledged in favour of the institution of a local discharge, are, if correct, much more decisive, than those in favour of animal food. But knowing the fallacy which is so frequently attached to pretended medical experience, the thousand paths which lead to error, and the reiterated observations which are necessary to the establishment of the most simple truth on a firm and incontestible basis, we think that Mr. R. has given his own sentiments with a proper and commendable degree of reserve. Had he exercised a similar caution on the former topic likewise, he would have acted with becoming prudence.

Mr. Russell concludes his work with some directions regarding the surgical treatment of scrophulous cases. We shall select what we think the passage most worthy of notice from this part, expressing at the same time our regret, that Mr. R. is not enabled to speak with decision on the practice which he seems disposed to recommend. How can a professor be said to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by a large hospital, when he has never tried the simplest of all remedies in a disease which is always a predominant malady in hospitals, and the alleviation of which he professes to have been a peculiar object of his research? But to the point. Having remarked that cases of scrofulous congestion are best adapted to the use of friction as a discutient, he proceeds.

'Friction, indeed, has long been employed for this purpose; but of late years it has been introduced to an extent, and with an effect far beyond the experience of all former practice. As yet, it has been circumscribed to the practice of a very few individuals, with whom it is said to have performed very great cures; and if upon the test of more extensive experience, it is found to answer its present very high character, I shall consider the use of repeated friction to be one of the most valuable improvements which has been introduced into practice in modern times. The safety and simplicity of the practice recommend it very strongly to favour, though I am afraid they are the circumstances which retard its adoption by the public in general. I only regret that I do not feel myself entitled to give a decided opinion on the subject, from my own experience, though I have known some instances of successful cures; but the reports of success are so numerous and so warmly supported, that I am inclined to think very favourably of the practice.

'There is no substance interposed between the surface of the swelling and the hand of the person who administers the friction, excepting a little flour to prevent the abrasion of the skin. The friction is applied regularly two or three hours every day, with great celerity, the hand being made to move to and fro one hundred and twenty times in a minute, and the course may require to be continued without interruption, for some months.'

Having gone through the contents of this volume, we must say that the feeling with which we rise from it, is rather that of disappointment. We have looked in vain for the *additions and improvements*, either in theory or practice, which the preface of the author had led us to expect. As a general treatise on scrofula we think it very defective, there being many forms of the disease which the student will search for in vain. The descriptions are almost entirely confined to the affections of the soft parts; whilst those of the bones, such as white swellings, hip cases, &c. diseases which are of equal importance at least, are passed over in silence. The language is often unphilosophic. We are told, for example, 'that the local affection may arise from the immediate active state of the scrofulous disease,' a proposition which is to us either identical or wholly unintelligible. We have met with other passages equally objectionable. Not that upon the whole we have found much to blame. But there is little to commend; and mediocrity upon a trite subject is a perfect nuisance in every species of literature.

If much good in this disease is to be done, we believe it will be more in the way of prevention than of cure. The disease, or at least the constitutional disposition is formed before there is any external sign of it. A child, which is in appearance healthy, receives a blow, for example, or a wound; and the part instead of healing, becomes a scrofulous tumour or ulcer. The constitution was therefore tainted before the blow or wound was inflicted. In what does this diathesis consist? We dare not undertake to answer this question. But we expect little good from treatises on scrofula, till this difficulty is completely solved.

ART. X.—*A cursory View of Prussia; from the Death of Frederick II. to the Peace of Tilsit; containing an Account of the Battles of Jena, Auerstadt, Eylau, and Friedland; as also other important Events during that interesting Period. In a Series of Letters from a Gentleman in Berlin to his Friend in London.* pp. 176. 5*s*. Robinson. 1809.

THE political system of Prussia, as it was fashioned by the genius of the great Frederick, resembled a piece of machinery, which could be kept in order only by the master-hand by which it was constructed. Its movements soon

became discordant and irregular after his death; and we have lately witnessed the total dissolution of the machine.

Frederick William II. on his accession to the throne found himself master of a highly disciplined army of two hundred thousand men, and a treasury of forty millions of dollars. This prince at first shewed some disposition to take an active part in political affairs, and to be his own minister; but his debaucheries had, in a great measure, incapacitated him for mental exertion; and he soon resigned the irksome task of wielding the sceptre of government to his mistresses and favourites. The extravagant sensuality of the king, by impairing his intellectual faculties had rendered him not only the slave of women, but the dupe of designing impostors, who turned his credulity to account. Bischoffswerder, a great pretender to pneumatological skill, had impressed the mind of his sovereign with a strong belief in ghosts and apparitions, and acquired an ascendancy in the cabinet.—The money which had been collected by the patriotic parsimony of Frederick was now dissipated with a lavish hand on the most worthless objects; and the men of talents whom he had collected, retired to make way for visionaries and knaves. We have ample proofs of his want of wisdom as well as of his want of virtue, in the part which he took in the crusade against France; and above all, in the second dismemberment of Poland.

In proportion to the exhaustion of the treasury, the favourites of Frederick William had recourse to the dangerous scheme of putting up titles of nobility to sale. Thus a new and contemptible aristocracy was formed of *parchment* nobles in opposition to the old nobility, whose titles were founded on the possession of land. A monarch who multiplies titles with thoughtless profusion weakens the stability of his throne, by making those, who ought to constitute its ornament and support, the object of ridicule and contempt.

As a dropsy in the chest indicated the approaching dissolution of Frederick William, he neglected all business in the cabinet to waste his time in dalliance with an opera dancer.—Is it *thus* that monarchs prepare for death? The following anecdote, if true is curious; and if not true, the relation at least is characteristic of the sovereign, and consistent with probability.

'His favourite procuress, Mrs. Rietz, he had raised to the rank of countess of Lichtenau, and had permitted her to visit Pyrmont and Pisa. From the former place she wrote to him: 'That she had formed an acquaintance with a man advanced in years, of great exterior dignity, but of few words, and retired life; yet, from the singularity of his whole appearance, he attracted much notice,

and it seemed that nothing escaped his penetrating observation.'—'He is one of our secret society,' answered the deluded monarch; 'ask him if I shall renew the war with France.'—She afterwards wrote from Pisa: 'I have here found my old acquaintance again; he charged me to beseech you by no means to renew the war with France, as this step would bring your whole house to ruin.' The king followed this advice, and let Bonaparte do what he pleased.'

The following description of the state of Prussia owing to the vices of the court, and the neglect of the administration, is, we believe, correct, as we have seen a similar statement in other publications; and we are not a little apprehensive that at least part of the account will accord with the present state of other governments.

'During the few years of his reign, the king,' (Frederick William II.) 'had squandered away more than three hundred and fifty millions of the public money (about sixty millions sterling), besides alienating much valuable property in Poland; and leaving his country twenty-two millions (dollars) in debt. The army was no more that finely disciplined phalanx bequeathed by Frederick II., but corrupted by the example of its sovereign. Discipline was totally relaxed; there was no subordination; the officers in general were a scandal to their profession; they regarded nothing but feasting, drinking, wenching, gambling, and all the vices which attend debauchery and intrigue. Nor were the civil departments much more respectably filled. The courts of justice, which Frederick had brought under such excellent control, were abused by royal mandates, dictating a final sentence. Lawyers were also allowed to purchase causes; and, as they associated with Jews and usurers, they ruled the slender-salaried judges with a rod of gold. The principal of every department had it in his power to act the despot, as they seemed all to have a tacit convention not to interfere. Offices were distributed, not according to merit, but favour, and therefore many footmen and improper persons came into employments they did not understand. In short, the universal depravity, which proceeded from the court, overflowed the whole kingdom, and, as this was accompanied with a high degree of luxury and extravagance, no income of office was adequate to the expence; from which naturally arose villany and venality in all their branches. There were, undoubtedly, many worthy individuals in every department, but discretion closed their lips, as, when discovered, they were pointed at in derision; for such was the power of court favour, that no one in office dared to reprimand a subaltern, if he happened to have the honour of writing out only a countess of Lichtenau's washing-bill. Such is too frequently the effect of female influence.'

When Frederick William III. mounted the throne, he vainly endeavoured to repair the disorders which had been occasioned in all the departments of the state by the folly

and the debaucheries of his predecessor. But the evil had spread too far to be repressed, and much less to be eradicated by the lenient measures which he adopted. His character was deficient in energy; and energy of character is more particularly requisite, where corruption is to be combated, and abuses reformed, of which numbers are interested in the continuance. The present king of Prussia, though free from the vices of his predecessor, is yet deficient in that decision and intrepidity, that sublimity of thought and comprehension of view, which alone could have extricated himself and his kingdom from the ruin with which it was at once menaced by internal corruption and a foreign enemy. Like Louis XVIth, however, he has appeared greater in adversity than he ever did in a more prosperous hour.

Not only the love of peace, but the dread of expense, which were associated with an ardent desire to repair the dilapidated finances of the state, rendered Frederick William III. anxious to preserve this neutrality during the violent conflicts which agitated the rest of Europe, between the peace of Basle and the summer of 1806. The king did not perceive that the spirit of aggrandizement which actuated the councils of France must ere long render war necessary, and that it was not likely to be conducted with success, if it were delayed to a period, when it coincided with the wishes of the enemy.—The fate of Europe did for a moment before the battle of Austerlitz seem to be left to the arbitration of Prussia; but the irresolution of the sovereign let it fall from his hands, and soon precipitated his own subversion after he had passively beheld that of Austria.

During the long neutrality which succeeded the peace of Basle, the injudicious economy of the court or the criminal negligence of the ministers suffered the fortresses to fall into decay; while in subordination crept into the army; in which the utmost efforts ought to have been made to introduce the new improvements in the military art which had been so successfully practised by the French. After the battle of Austerlitz a large party in the Prussian court, which was ultimately seconded by the influence of the queen, became impatient for war. The king at last reluctantly yielded to a measure which soon made him a fugitive from his capital.

The account which the author gives of the death of Prince Louis of Prussia, is somewhat different from that which is given in the Gallery of Prussian characters which we noticed in the Appendix to vol. XV.

* Louis had, at Schwarza, a very good position to oppose the French in their progress through the valley of Saalfeldt to that of

Rudolstadt, and nothing but an unaccountable phrenzy could have induced him to pass it, and take such a position near Saalfeldt, as left him no retreat: for, instead of keeping the road to Rudolstadt behind him, it remained on his right wing, and gave the French the opportunity, they immediately took, to cut him off. Though only half the French were engaged, yet they were too powerful; and, notwithstanding every effort of bravery, the few that escaped the tirailleurs and their grape-shot, sought their safety in flight. The prince, thus totally abandoned, was obliged to follow: but his fate was decided. On leaping over a hedge, his horse received a musket-shot behind, and soon fell. The prince, calmly taking his pistols from the holsters, attempted to regain the road to Rudolstadt; but he was soon overtaken by a serjeant and a common hussar. On their approach he fired at them, but without effect. The serjeant offers him quarter; the prince refuses, crying, at the same time, 'Death or Victory!' The serjeant was a remarkably stout man, and on horseback: the prince on foot. Victory was long doubtful; till at length the prince receives a deadly blow on the neck, and falls. The hussar immediately leaped from his horse and ran him through the body: they then stripped him, and carried his clothes in triumph away. A neighbouring peasant, who had witnessed the conflict, wrapped his naked body in a sheet, and brought it to Saalfeldt, where it was afterwards deposited in the church with all military honor. This is the true account of this melancholy event, as described by every one in Saalfeldt; and it is farther affirmed, that the prince was quite alone, and that his adjutants, and all his people, had fled to Jena.'

The following is very descriptive of the state of the Prussian army after the conflict at Saalfeldt in which Prince Louis lost his life.

'Prince Hohenlohe found it expedient to evacuate Jena, and encamp in the neighbourhood, between the rivers Ilm and Saale. Before the ground could be marked out, and other necessary arrangements made, a sudden tumult arose in the streets, with the cry that the enemy was at the gates! Though this, by the cooler part of the inhabitants, was known to be impossible, yet the troops, dismayed by the late accounts from Saalfeldt, seemed panic-struck; nor could the horse patroles be forced out to examine the adjacent woods, as these were said to swarm with French *tirailleurs*, till, at length, some young officers formed themselves into a patrole, and soon proved the falsehood of these reports; and I only notice them here, to point out the state of mind of the Prussian army, just on the eve of battle; for, by such a trifle, numbers were already so terrified, that the roads were copiously bestrewed with arms of all sorts, belonging to the soldiers of various regiments, who now began to creep from their hiding places.'

The author gives a detailed, but rather indistinct account

of the battle of Jena, and of the total rout and dispersion of the Prussian army, which ensued.—An army of more than one hundred thousand men was almost annihilated in the course of a fortnight.—The fortress of Magdeburg was given up to the enemy without any formal siege; and the treacherous example was soon followed in the fortresses of Stettin, Custrin, and Spandau.

'The intelligence of these rapid and cowardly conquests Bonaparte himself could scarcely believe, and at length exclaimed, with that smile so peculiar to himself—'In truth, I know not whether to rejoice at, or be ashamed of, such advantages!' It seemed, indeed, as if all Prussia was at his feet; for the arsenal at Berlin, where he now was, had not been emptied, but was still tolerably well furnished; and, on the proclamation of rewards to any one who would discover national effects, large quantities of powder, ammunition, regimentals, and even plans of the fortresses, with particular maps of the provinces, and their various roads, were denounced with such greedy assiduity as disgusted even the French. An officer being shown a parcel of timber by one of those informers who had been hitherto fed from the king's bounty, very justly observed, 'that his Prussian majesty ought to keep that to make gibbets for such ungrateful rascals!'

We shall conclude our notice of this work with the description which was composed by an eye-witness of the scene of carnage, of suffering, and devastation, which was presented at Eylau after the obstinate battle which was fought there between the French and Russians.—We think that, if those statesmen who are so eager on every trivial occasion to let *loose the dogs of war*, would pause to reflect on the sad varieties of woe which they must produce, even the common impulses of humanity would restrain them from having recourse to such a destructive scourge.

'In the totally desolated village of Kleinsausgarten we once more found the terrific picture of war; but misery, indigence, and distress, I first saw in their extreme at Eylau itself. Parents were there already so far reduced as to be forced to bury their literally starved babes in their gardens. Bread, meat, wine, brandy, salt, or tobacco, were no where to be found. Poor emaciated hollow-eyed spectres were crawling about the streets, covered with rags like the most pitiable beggars. To enter their houses, on account of the stench of dead bodies, was scarcely possible; and even my essence of vinegar was not sufficient to defend me in their church.—I never should have believed without seeing it myself, that human nature could have borne such an excessive degree of misery. Bonaparte had cruelly given up the place to plunder; in short, every thing was ruined, destroyed, and laid waste; not a door, nor a window, nor a cupboard was remaining. This is, indeed, the less

extraordinary, when we consider that the town had been twice in the possession both of the French and the Russians, and thus twice were the streets streaming with blood. The combatant even followed each other into the very houses. From the highest to the lowest of the inhabitants, they were all robbed of every thing they possessed, and simple water, with a scanty pittance of mouldy bread, was all they now had to keep life together. To form an idea of the situation of these miserable beings, one must have seen them, for words are not sufficient to describe their excess of wretchedness. Many died through fear, many from ill-treatment, and many were yet sick from the painful recollection of the past.

'Overpowered by such dreadful scenes of calamity I deemed it even a relief to go and contemplate the horrors of the field. However mangled I there found many of my fellow creatures, yet these lifeless bodies had at least surmounted their sufferings; but the unfortunate inhabitants of Eylau were yet languishing on towards the more excruciating death of hunger. This certainly would have been their dismal lot, as the whole surrounding district was equally bereft of every mean of sustenance, had they not soon received from Königsberg the most desirable relief and refreshment, besides clothing, linen, and every necessary article to repair and make their dwellings tolerably comfortable. Had I first visited the field of battle, this hideous, unusual sight, which I hope never to see again, would have undoubtedly shocked me more than it now did: for after having my mind so deeply harrowed up with the late dreadful scenes, I must repeat that the sight of the field, frightful as it was, with from twelve to fifteen thousand slaughtered victims strewed before me, was yet a relief.—A slight snow had just fallen, my foot slipped, and, in sinking, my hand caught a ghastly human face!—Here were fragments of drums, carts, horses, saddles, cloaks, hats, harness, broken muskets, pistols, and other arms innumerable, all, in confusion, scattered about. Russians, French, and Prussians, here all lay together. It was in truth a woeful sight, but still they had all ended their miseries, whilst so many around them were yet trembling from the recollection of what had happened, from the vicinity of the combatants, and the apprehension of what might happen again.'

ART. XI.—*The Means of finding the Longitude at Sea gradually developed, discovered, and demonstrated in four astronomical, geographical, nautical, historical, mathematical, and mechanical Dissertations. By Major-General Grant, Viscount de Vaux; Author of the History of Mauritius; of the Cosmographical Columns; of the Uranographia or Celestial Map; of a new Division of the four Quarters of the World, &c. &c.* 4to. 160 *pages. Price in boards* 1*l.* 5*s.* Wyatt, Pickett Street, Temple Bar.

WE were led by the title-page to expect that the four dis-

sertations which make up this volume were composed in a progressive series, and with a connection and dependence of one part upon another, so as to form a perfect whole. But in this ex ectation we were deceived, and we must add, disappointed. The fourth dissertation is the only one which treats of the discovery of the longitude; in the three first there is not even that common reference to the longitude which might be expected from the subjects on which they treat.

We know not for what class of readers the author has designed t e first dissertation, which is on astronomy. Those who are already acquainted with the subject will not derive much information from his description of the solar system, nor from his projected orrery in the Isle of Wight. If it be intended as an elementary treatise, for the instruction of those who are ignorant of astronomy, it is unnecessary when we have so many books on that science, and it is totally unfit for the purposes of instruction, from the desultory manner in which it is composed, as well as from the scantiness of information contained in it. There is still another reason why this dissertation is not fit for the instruction of a pupil, and that is that it is intended in more than one respect to make innovations in the received philosophy of astronomy. —It has been said of Milbourne that he was the 'fairest of critics,' because, when he objected to Dryden's translation, he gave his own translation that they might be compared.

The viscount in his publication has preserved a direct contrary line of conduct; yet he may be styled the most harmless of innovators; for he does not describe at all the established systems, nor does he lay down his own intended alterations in such a manner as to be intelligible to our ordinary understandings.

The first thing which he objects to in the Newtonian astronomy, is the manner of accounting for the precession of the equinoxes, and he says that the 'demonstrations of some great men, such as Newton, Descartes, d'Alembert, &c. are grounded upon mere hypotheses, and are unintelligible.' We are willing to believe candidly that the author means no more than that the demonstrations are unintelligible *to him*, from which circumstance he concludes they are false. We do not blame the viscount for this conclusion; we have no doubt it has been deliberately made according to the best of his knowledge and belief. Upon the same principle we reject his mode of accounting for the phenomenon, not because the *demonstration* is obscure, for he does not trouble his readers with demonstrations, but because we do not

understand the hypothesis itself. The precession of th equinoxes has been accounted for from the principle of gravitation, and the spheroidal form of the earth: but the viscount would account for it by supposing the orbit of the earth to vary its inclination one degree in seventy-two years. —What should cause this variation, and in what manner it would effect the precession of the equinoxes, the author has not thought it necessary to inform his readers, and perhaps it is not worth while to enquire.

The viscount has conceived a most magnificent scheme for a planisphere or orrery, on a large scale, which he wishes to form in the Isle of Wight.—A pavilion (which he advises 'as it *must* contain company, music, &c. to be at least twenty feet diameter),' is to be erected to represent the sun, the planets are to be represented by cars drawn *by soldiers*, the comets by fire works, and an orchestra of *warlike* music, which we suppose is to be understood to be the music of the spheres, is to entertain the company, while they view the pageant —We shall leave the viscount to the enjoyment of this military and astronomical pantomime, which we should not have thought worthy of notice, but that it introduces an objection to the cause hitherto assigned for the variation of the seasons.—His objection, and the remedy he proposes, we shall state in his own words.

'I always found it very *unnatural* that the earth (which travels in its orbit at the rate of near sixty thousand miles *in* an hour, which is one hundred and twenty times swifter than the velocity of a cannon ball), should be obliged continually to keep that *uncomfortable attitude*, called the inclination of her poles, of 23 deg. and a half, which is the only means adopted, till this time, to find the cause of the seasons. From this ancient principle it derives that the advantages of the seasons are denied to the most beautiful of our planets, Jupiter; because from the horizontal spots or belts of that planet we see that its axis is not inclined as we suppose ours to be: but *possibly* if we could transport ourselves to Jupiter, and see our globe from thence, as we see that planet from the earth, we should find that the axes of our poles are perpendicular, as well as those of Jupiter, and of the sun, and that consequently they are all parallel to each other, and every one directed towards the environs of the polar star; that the pole of the ecliptic, and the pole of the world are the same; and that it is the orbit of the earth, and of all the sister planets which is inclined 23 deg. and a half, upon the plane of the equator of the sun, and not the axis of the earth. If it be so, *as I presume*, the orbits of all the planets, as well as that of the earth, being every one inclined nearly in the same degree, they must all enjoy the same advantage of the seasons from the same cause.' *1st Dissertation, page* 18.

The amiable and benevolent wish expressed by the author to relieve our common parent from the *unnatural and uncomfortable attitude* in which former astronomers have so barbarously placed her, we cannot but admire. Willingly would we throw our mite towards so pious an undertaking, by furnishing the necessary demonstrations, which the viscount has unfortunately been too much employed to think about, andwhich we fear the learned will require before they relinquish a system so well supported, as that in which they have hitherto confided. But who can demonstrate what they do not understand? we have therefore quoted his own words, in the hope that his ideas may be more satisfactory to others than they are to us, for we are sadly afraid that the viscount, with the best possible intentions, has left the earth in an attitude just as uncomfortable as that in which he found her. Let the viscount be assured that if Atlas supports the earth, the noble gentleman is not the Hercules to relieve him.

The second dissertation, which is entitled geography, is merely a proposal for a new division of the earth with respect to the continents, in which we see no advantage that would balance the great confusion and inconvenience attending its adoption. The third dissertation is a history of navigation, which appears to us to be, in some respects, imperfect, but which upon the whole is amusing, and shews some information.

The fourth dissertation is on the discovery of the longitude, and the author strongly contends, in many detached passages, that 'celestial means' will not answer for finding the longitude at sea, and that 'we must descend from the heavens to the earth.' To support this opinion we have only his assertion, backed indeed by a story concerning a naval officer who threw his sextant into the sea, because he could not take a satisfactory observation. It needs not the testimony of any naval officer to convince us that terrestrial means, so far as they have yet been tried, have proved incompetent and erroneous; the irregularity of winds, tides, and currents, and the uncertainty of all calculation on account of lee-way, are sufficient of themselves to make us doubt whether terrestrial methods can ever be brought to any satisfactory degree of precision. We are however by no means disposed to reject any aid which such methods may afford for the purpose: the dead reckoning, even in its present erroneous state, is very useful when observations cannot be obtained, and in the intervals between the observations, where they can.

The mode by which the viscount has proposed to himself

to find the longitude, is by computing the ship's way with more accuracy than has hitherto been done, or, in other words, by improving the measurements on which what is called the dead reckoning is founded. He has detailed with great perspicuity the manifold defects of the log now in use, and has clearly shewn that no certain reliance can be placed upon it, and he has also enumerated a considerable number of inventions for the purpose of ascertaining the run of a ship, and has pointed out their defects. He then proceeds to explain his invention, which consists in an instrument, which he terms the hydroscope. The principle of this instrument is very simple and ingenious; we wish its effects may prove commensurate; a globe of about six inches diameter, and heavier than water, is connected by a chain to a spiral spring fixed in a cabin in the vessel. The resistance to the globe, when immersed in the sea, will therefore be measured by the action of the spring, and will be shown upon a dial-plate by means of an index; and consequently the velocity of the ship, which is determinable from the resistance, will be known.

This instrument is calculated to shew, with much more accuracy than the common log, or any other instrument that has fallen under our notice, the rate of sailing at all times. We cannot but regret that the author has satisfied himself with giving us the mere outline of the plan, and has not thought it necessary to furnish us with any results or calculations, without which it is not easy to determine what may be the success of the instrument upon trial. He proposes to sink his globe to a certain depth, where he supposes there is constantly still water, since the accuracy of the instrument must be affected by any current. It does not appear to us to have been conclusively proved that at any certain depth there is at all times still water even at the same place, much less that at any certain depth there is, as he assumes, still water at all places. His machine is subject to the same errors arising from lee-way and currents as the common log. And we are not certain that the spring, although it is not found to be injured by occasionally weighing small weights for many years, may not, when exposed to such considerable and unceasing tension become weakened, and of course incorrect. These remarks do not tend to shew that the principle of the hydroscope is erroneous, but only that we cannot expect from it advantages so considerable as the too sanguine ideas of the inventor lead him to hope for. We cannot take leave of this part of his invention without expressing our opinion, that the mariner is greatly indebted to the labours of the viscount for an instrument which promises to

be much more worthy of reliance than the methods on which the dead reckoning has been usually founded.

The hydroscope is only the first part, or moving power of the machine which the author wishes to have adopted. The second part consists of an inverted cone, containing a given quantity of sand, having a small aperture at the bottom, to which is adapted a slide with a corresponding long and narrow aperture, so connected with the spiral spring of the hydroscope as to allow the sand to fall through proportionably to the tension of the spring; and hence by the quantity of sand fallen through, the distance run by the ship may be known. It appears to us that we cannot depend upon the sand running out equably; and the author allows that the pitching and heeling of the ship will 'facilitate' (that is quicken) the 'gravitation of the sand.' We cannot think that the aperture in the slide can be made with sufficient accuracy, or that its motion can be so correctly regulated by the spiral spring as to afford results that can be safely depended upon. If the slide is to be moved in a direct proportion to the tension of the spring, it will necessarily follow that the bounding lines of the aperture in the slide must be curves, the nature of which the author has not investigated. The aperture in the inverted cone he proposes to be 'from one to two lines in diameter,' and the greatest width of the aperture in the slide can be no more. How then can we expect the bounding curves to be accurately cut? And what dangerous errors may arise from the slightest deviations.

Beneath this inverted cone the viscount proposes, as a third and concluding part of his machine, to place a wheel or table which may be constantly adjusted by the compass, in such manner that, when the course is on the meridian, the sand may not run, and on other courses that it may allow only so much sand to fall through as is proportionable to the easting and westing of the ship, and that the quantity of sand denoting the distances made to the east and west may fall into separate partitions in a receiver placed underneath. As this last addition evidently encreases the difficulties, and multiplies the risk of errors, we shall merely observe that, in our opinion, it appears utterly impracticable.

A projector is, too often, not supported to the amount he deserves to be. This is an injustice felt very acutely by science; for by it not only the individual suffers, but, aware of this, many other authors feel discouraged, and undertake nothing new or great. Let us bear in remembrance too, that from the hints of projectors (which perhaps their vanity has magnified into discoveries,) real discoveries at future periods, have been actually effected.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs of an American Lady: with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the Author of Letters from the Mountains, &c. &c. 2 Vols.* Longman. 1808.

IT must be confessed that this performance betrays some marks of a relaxation of that zeal, studious of correctness, which usually distinguishes an author undebauched by the public praise. Success in literary pursuits, no less than in warfare, may lead to the abandonment of necessary precautions. Some inelegancies and many proofs of negligence or haste form no pleasing contrast with the numerous graces, that embellish the style of these memoirs.

> 'In beauty faults conspicuous grow
> The smallest speck is seen in snow.'

It may be thought that the various and extraordinary merits of a work, interesting as that now under consideration, ought to have been accepted as a satisfactory atonement for errors of inadvertency: but the frequency of Mrs. Grant's publications must soon place her in the rank of those who are authors *par metier*, and a timely caution may preserve her from falling into the perfunctory habits which are too often characteristic of professed writers. Mrs. Grant's chief talents are those which her subject demanded, the skilful and bold delineation of character and manners, and the natural representation of local scenery: her excellence in both arts is derived from the same sources, sound sense and diligent practice. Her disquisitions upon abstract questions can scarcely be considered as worthy of praise equally high: it would be unjust to deny that they are grounded on truth, and that they are interspersed with striking and perhaps novel observation, but on the whole their bulk seems greater than their importance. In landscape she has a manner of her own, evidently formed by the actual study of nature, very different from those school-boy copies, with which so many pages of our modern novels, romances, and travels are bedaubed. In pourtraying characters, her style is free and masculine, the colours vivid, the likenesses marked and happy, and it is probable easy to be recognized by those who have known the originals. She discovers in her writings, justly regulated feelings, and excellent principles in morals and religion, and proves that she is endowed with a candid discriminating mind, matured by various observation, and much experience of the *not* unreal pains and pleasures of sensibility and a lively imagination, no less than of those more violent and

deeper sensations which have been caused by the fortunate or sorrowful events of a life, much checquered with good and evil. To this state of mind may be attributed a certain tenderness of sentiment, which gives a charm to the work, scarcely less attractive than those which it owes to the novelty of the subject and the fidelity of the resemblance.

Perhaps she dwells too fondly on some points of a private interest, such are her thoughts and feelings when a child; and sometimes indulges in an idle labour of finishing, touching, and retouching some favourite feature, till she has thrown some parts of the pourtrait into a greater relief than is consistent with the harmony of the whole piece. We cannot refrain also from observing that the quotations from the poets, too unsparingly introduced, are frequently connected with the passage more by sound than by sense. This method of quoting neither conduces to ornament nor use, and in taste it is as if any one were to cut a hole in a good piece of broad cloth for the sake of patching it with a scrap of velvet.

To these, we trust, not uncandid strictures on the merits of a work, by which we have been highly instructed and delighted, we shall subjoin some passages, which on account of the profusion of beauties which distracted our choice, we have had some difficuly in selecting.

The traits of Mrs. Schyler's character, the heroine of the piece, are so much diffused through the whole subject, that we shall not attempt to collect them into a focus. The place of her chief residence was Albany, in the province of New York; the account of which place is no ill specimen of our author's powers in the descriptive style.

'The city of Albany was stretched along the banks of Hudson; one very wide and long street lay parallel to the river, the intermediate space between it and the shore being occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort intended (but very ill adapted) for the defence of the place and of the neighbouring country. From the foot of this hill, another street was built sloping pretty rapidly down till it joined the one before mentioned that ran along the river. This street was still wider than the other; it was only paved on each side, the middle being occupied by public edifices. These consisted of a market-place or guard-house, a town-hall, and the English and Dutch churches.—The town in proportion to its population, occupied a great space of ground. This city, in short, was a kind of semi-rural establishment, every house had its garden wall, and a little green behind; before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being co-eval with some beloved member of the family; many of their trees were of a prodigious size and extraord-

nary beauty, but without regularity, every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight or serenely clear moonlight. Each family had a cow fed in a common pasture at the end of the town. In the evening they returned all together of their own accord, with their tinkling bells hung at their necks, along the wide and grassy street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their master's doors.—Nothing could be more pleasing to a simple and benevolent mind than to see thus, at one view, all the inhabitants of a town, which contained not one very rich, or very poor, very knowing, or very ignorant, very rude, or very polished individual; to see all these children of nature enjoying in easy indolence or social intercourse the cool, the fragrant, and the *dusky* hour, clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless. These primitive beings were dispersed in porches, according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door young matrons, at another the elders of the people, at a third the youths and maidens, gaily chatting or singing together, while the children played round the trees, or waited by the cows, for the chief ingredient of their frugal supper, which they generally ate sitting on the steps in the open air.' Vol. I. p. 44.

In keeping with this are the descriptions of the portico and barn at the Flats, the country residence of the Schuyler family—a more luxuriant portico Peters could not paint, nor a more commodious barn could Arthur Young invent.

'One of the appendages of the house was a large portico at the door, with a few steps leading up to it, and floored like a room; it was open at the sides, and had seats all round. Above was either a slight wooden roof, painted like an awning, or a covering of lattice-work, over which a transplanted wild vine spread its luxuriant leaves and numerous clusters.—These though small, and rather too acid till sweetened by the frost, had a beautiful appearance. What gave an air of liberty and safety to these rustic porticos, which always produced in my mind a sensation of pleasure, that I know not how to define, was the number of little birds domesticated there. For their accommodation there was a small shelf built round, where they nestled, sacred from the touch of slaves and children, who were taught to regard them as the good genii of the place, not to be disturbed with impunity. I do not recollect sparrows there, except the wood sparrow. These little birds were of various kinds, peculiar to the country; but the one most frequent and familiar was a pretty little creature, of a bright cinnamon colour, called a wren, though little resembling the one to which we give that name, for it is more sprightly, and flies higher. Of these and other small birds, hundreds gave and received protection around this hospitable dwell-

ing. The protection they received, consisted merely in the privilege of being let alone. That which they bestowed was of more importance than any inhabitant of Britain can imagine. In these new countries where man has scarce asserted his dominion, life swarms abundant on every side; the insect population is numerous beyond belief, and the birds that feed on them are in proportion to their abundance. In process of time, when their sheltering woods are cleared, all these recede before their master, but not before his empire is fully established. These minute aerial foes are more harrassing than the terrible inhabitants of the forest, and more difficult to expel. It is only by protecting, and in some sort domesticating those little winged allies, who attack them in their own element, that the conqueror of the lion, and tamer of the elephant can hope to sleep in peace, or eat his meals unpolluted. While breakfasting or drinking tea in the airy portico, which was often the scene of these meals, birds were constantly gliding over the table with a butterfly, grasshopper or cicada in their bills to feed their young, who were chirping above. These familiar inmates brushed by without ceremony, while the chimney swallow, the martin, and other hirundines in countless numbers, darted past in pursuit of this aerial population, while the fields resounded with the ceaseless chirping of many gay insects unknown to our more temperate summers. These were now and then mingled with the animated and not unpleasing cry of the tree-frog, a creature of that species, but of a light slender form, almost transparent, and of a lively green; it is dry to the touch, and has not the dank moisture of its aquatic relations; in short it is a pretty lively creature, with a singular and cheerful note.'—VOL. 1. P. 166.

'Colonel Schuyler's barn, adjoining to the orchard, was of a vast size, at least an hundred feet long, and sixty wide. The roof rose to a very great height, in the midst, and sloped down, till it came within ten feet of the ground, when the walls commenced; which, like the whole of this vast fabric, were formed of wood. It was raised three feet from the ground by beams resting on stone, and on these beams was laid, in the middle of the building, a very massive oak floor. Before the door was a large sill sloping downwards of the same materials. About twelve feet in breadth, on each side of this capacious building were divided off for the cattle; on one side ran a manger, at the above mentioned distance from the wall, the whole length of the building, with a rack above it; on the others were stalls for the other cattle, running also the whole length of the building. The cattle and horses stood with their hinder parts to the wall, and their heads projecting towards the thrashing-floor. There was a prodigious large box or open chest in one side built up for holding the corn after it was threshed, and the roof, which was very lofty and spacious, was supported by large cross beams: from one to the other of these was stretched a great number of long poles, so as to form a sort of open loft, on which the whole rich crop was laid up. The floor of those

parts of the barn, which answered the purposes of a stable and cow-house, was made of thick slab deals, laid loosely over the supporting beams. And the mode of cleaning those places was by turning the boards, and permitting the dung and litter to fall into the receptacles left open below for the purpose; from thence in spring, they were often driven down to the river, the soil in its original state not requiring the aid of manure. In the gable end at the front, there were prodigious folding doors, and two others that opened behind. —Certainly never did cheerful rural toils wear a more exhilarating aspect than while the domestics were lodging the luxuriant harvest in this capacious repository.—On each side of the great doors were smaller ones, for the cattle and horses to enter.

'Whenever the corn or hay was reaped or cut, and ready for carrying home, which in that dry and warm climate happened in a very few days, a waggon loaded with hay, for instance, was driven into the midst of this great barn; loaded also with numberless large grasshoppers, butterflies, and cicadas, who came along with the hay, from the top of the waggon, this was immediately forked up into the loft of the barn, in the midst of which was an open space left for the purpose, and then the unloaded waggon drove in rustic state out of the great door at the other end. In the mean time every member of the family witnessed or assisted in the summary process; by which the building and thatching of stacks was at once saved, and the whole crop and cattle were thus compendiously lodged under one roof. The cheerfulness of this animated scene was much heightened by the quick appearance and vanishing of the swallows; who twittered among their high-built dwellings in the roof. Here, as in every other instance, the safety of these domestic friends was attended to, and an abode provided for them. In the front of this barn, were many holes like those of a pigeon house, for the accommodation of the martin; that being the species to which this kind of home seems most congenial; and in the inside of the barn, I have counted above fourscore at once. In the winter, when the earth was buried deep in new fallen snow, and no path fit for walking in was left, this barn was like a great gallery, well suited for that purpose, and furnished with pictures, not unpleasing to a simple and contented mind. As you walked through this long area, looking up, you beheld the abundance of the year treasured above you; on one side the comely heads of your snorting steeds presented themselves arranged in seemly order, on the other, your kine displayed their meeker visages, while the perspective on either, was terminated by heifers and fillies no less interesting. In the midst, your servants exercised the flail; and even, while they threshed out the straw distributed it to the expectants on both sides; while the 'liberal handful' was occasionally thrown to the many coloured poultry on the hill. Winter itself never made this abode of life and plenty cold or cheerless. Here you might walk and view all your subjects and their means of support at one glance, except indeed the sheep; for whom a large and commodious building was erected very near the barn; the roof of which was for-

nished with a top large enough to contain hay, sufficient for their winter's food.' VOL. I. P. 176.

We cannot close this article, without regretting that our limits will not permit us to exhibit any specimens of this author's ethical paintings, which are in no respect inferior to her descriptions of scenery—and will be found to excite a lively and general interest, as they comprehend the characters of several British officers, distinguished in the history of America, previous, or subsequent to the revolution.

ART. XIII.—*An Essay on Government, by Philopatria (Mrs. Lee.) pp.* 268. Earle, Albemarle-Street.

THE materials for the biography of illustrious females are almost wholly of modern origin. It was long after the revival of letters before the claims of the softer sex to intellectual attainments, were acknowledged by the learned: no sooner however were these claims recorded, than a host of female poets, historians, and politicians started into eminence, and occasionally bore away the palm in eloquence if not in argument from their male contemporaries.

Mrs. Lee, who presents herself to the public under the signature of Philopatria, has hitherto been known only as the victim of certain designs of the Messieurs Gordons of equivocal memory. With a full share of the prejudices raised against our fair author by the *eclat* of that ill understood transaction, and with no small degree of curiosity, we opened her present performance; it is but fair to say that we perused it with considerable satisfaction.

Like another Madame Roland, who forsook the distaff to kindle the flame of patriotism around the shrine of liberty; Philopatria has inscribed her essays to our fellow countrymen in the following patriotic effusion:

'In dedicating this essay to the British nation I only give a public proof of those sentiments of attachment to its cause, which have ever animated my heart; yet I would not gain its favour by instilling into the minds of the people a narrow-minded policy, a blind partiality for their country to the exclusion of every other, and an hypocritical obedience to selfish prejudices, nor would I flatter them into a belief that they are the favourites of heaven and models of imitation for other nations, unless they were really thus characterized. Such principles form no part of that political

system which I now prescribe to them. I would praise, but I should wish them to *deserve* praise: I would serve, but I should wish them to be worthy of the offerings of patriotism. I am desirous, in short, to love Britain, not merely because it is Britain, or because it is my country, but because it contains virtuous men.'

In her introduction, the author breaks a lance with Blackstone, (whom by the bye she heartily admires) and makes a parade of metaphysical learning, which we should perhaps condemn as pedantry in an author of more experience. While upon the subject of pedantry it may not be amiss to throw out as a hint for future improvement, that there is throughout the work an affectation displayed of an acquaintance with the learned languages, and a too frequent introduction of hacknied Latin quotations.

Throughout the forty-two chapters of which the work consists, the author displays a vigorous understanding, although she sometimes maintains positions and draws conclusions which are at variance with our soundest axioms. As a moral and political disputant she has shewn herself an able though not always a judicious or successful champion: and her work displays no small acquaintance with the laws and constitution of England.

Her ideas on education are calculated to exhibit to most advantage her reasoning faculties, and manner of treating her subject; we shall extract her chapter ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN, as being a subject on which her opinions must strike her readers with unusual force, and on which she may be supposed to have written *con amore*:

'The important question relative to the education of women is not whether their *intellectual powers* are equal to those of men, but whether their scientific pursuits must not often be subordinate to those qualities which seem peculiarly to characterize them and to their connexions with the other sex? After impartially considering the subject, the following principles may perhaps safely be laid down. First, women ought under all circumstances to cherish noble and virtuous sentiments; because those, however humble their stations may be, not only influence their general conduct, but also in many cases the characters of their children. Secondly, they may, according to their capacities and situations in life, acquire such knowledge as may be most congenial with their tastes and dispositions; but their studies must often be subordinate to the claims which their families, their friends, and their children, &c. may have on them. When mental acquirements are attended with the subversion of individual enjoyments or the happiness of others, they can scarcely be deemed

desirable,* *though in case of an accidental loss of health, property, &c. they are of very great value;* for they teach that sex, whose *sensibility* has been *supposed* to be greater than that of men, to bear the privations and inconveniences which accompany illness, poverty, &c with fortitude, to rise above their sufferings, and to look beyond *mere sensual enjoyments* for real felicity.

'The laborious occupations in life, and those employments which require *intense and continued application of mind*, or *great bodily strength*, seem, generally speaking, to have been devolved on men: and the powers of women, except on particular occasions,† appear to have been exercised in a different manner from those of men. Were they to perform the duties of soldiers, or the offices of statesmen, their health might perhaps often be injured; besides there is a delicacy attached merely to the *sex*, without reference to any mental qualifications which (except as I have before said, *on particular occasions*) prevents them from performing actions to which men are accustomed from their infancy. In some cases also, *deep attention* to any object, or *violent efforts*, might be attended with fatal consequences. Examples of highly cultivated intellectual powers among women have chiefly been found either among those endued with a *great degree of mental*, added to *bodily strength*;‡ or among those who have embraced a single life, and having exempted themselves from a number of cares and duties, have more leisure for scientific pursuits. The same arguments may perhaps be applied to women who have signalized themselves by actions which seem to be peculiarly appropriated to men; but it would not perhaps be for the benefit of the human race, if women were universally encouraged to disdain those *little* occasional restraints, to which nature as well as reason seems to subject them.

'It is certain, however, that by proper regulations, women may even, generally speaking, acquire a sufficient portion of learning to make them useful and agreeable companions to men, and to enable them to superintend the education of their children (boys as well as girls); and surely this task is worthy even of the most enlightened females, since the most learned and eminent men, both in ancient and modern times, have given their attention to it.'

'* Mental acquirements, however, *may be attended* with disagreeable consequences without any fault in the student; for instance, suppose a young woman in an humble situation, were to bring on herself the insults and neglect of some part of her family, merely because she might prefer the improvement of her mind to some lucrative offer repugnant to her feelings and her principles: her mental acquirements are certainly not to be made a subject of reproach to her, though they are in reality the causes of her sufferings. Every one of my readers may imagine some instance of a similar kind.'

'† On these particular occasions, however, history records actions performed, by females, which in the opinion of some, may place them on a level with eminent contemporaries of the other sex.'

'‡ Madame Dacier, among others, may be mentioned as a remarkable example of this union of mental and bodily strength: she blended maternal duties with scientific pursuits.'

If we were disposed to select the particular passages in which the author has laid herself open to criticism, we should mention her chapter on the claims of children. Mrs. Lee *may have her reasons* for wishing a revisal of the law of settlements, but those reasons will not perhaps so well accord with the cold constitution of Great Britain. Of the composition of the Essays it may be observed that the style is not rhetorical nor eloquent, but in general easy and perspicuous.

We ought not to conclude without recommending to attentive perusal a work which exhibits no common acquirements, and which, from the former eccentricities of Mrs. Lee, may at least be regarded as a singular *literary curiosity*.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*The Sunday Lessons for the Morning and Evening Service throughout the Year, with those for Christmas-day and Good-Friday; illustrated by a perpetual Commentary, Notes, and an Index. By Stephen Weston, B.D. F.R.S. F.S.A. Part II. containing the Second Lessons.* 6*s.* 6*d.* *Complete* 10*s.* 6*d.* Baldwin. 1808.

WE were much pleased with the first part of this work; and our pleasure has not been diminished by the perusal of the second. The notes are brief, but useful and judicious. Mr. Weston is a theologue of erudition and sagacity.

ART. 15.—*Christianity in India. An Essay on the Duty, Means, and Consequences of introducing the Christian Religion among the Native Inhabitants of the British Dominions in the East. By J.W. Cunningham, A.M. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.* 8*vo. pp.* 199. 5*s.* 6*d.* Hatchard. 1808.

WE have so often and so distinctly expressed our opinion of the impolicy of any attempt to force a particular creed upon millions of Hindoos and Mahomedans, who are subject to the British sway in the East, that we shall not repeat now what we have often said before. Mr. Cunningham has discussed the subject with temper and moderation; but he does not appear to have advanced any new argument in its support. The argument of moral obligation, on which Mr. C. seems to lay great stress, will not hold; for religion, viewed abstractedly from social virtue, is a concern between

God and a man's conscience, and in which neither individuals nor states can shew any right to interfere with that of other individuals and states. Moral considerations impose it as a duty on this country to protect her numerous subjects in the East, in the practice of those religious rites *which they approve*, rather than wantonly to shock their prejudices, inflame their animosities, and destroy their peace, by endeavouring to introduce a religious system which is adverse to their long-cherished predilections. It is the duty of this country to endeavour to promote the advance of the Hindoos in knowledge and civilization: by which they may be enabled gradually to see through the veil of their ancient superstitions; and may be disposed to embrace a moral system which is better than their own. To attempt to christianize the Hindoos without a great previous change in their intellectual condition, would be only to convert them from one species of superstition to another. For while they remain as ignorant and credulous as they are represented to be, how could the christianity of the Hindoos, even supposing that they would consent to become christians, consist of any thing more than a blind attachment to certain rites or dogmas which are no more a part of the genuine religion of Jesus, than they are of that of Mahomed? Whatever may be said of the institutes of Menu, we believe that they will be found much superior in their moral tendency to the vitiated and vitiating systems either of popery or methodism. Let the British government endeavour by every wise measure to promote the temporal interest of the peninsula of Hindostan; but let us leave it to the inhabitants themselves to retain their old religious ritual, or to change it for a new, as they may think best. Could our Calvinistic missionaries work miracles they might attempt with more show of right and more chance of success to subvert the religious system of the East. But, at present, when they pretend that the doctrine which they have imported is transcendantly superior to that which the natives have so long espoused, to what can they appeal in support of their assertions? To the reason of the thing? They have no ability to do this; and if they had, they are addressing a people who want the capacity to understand what they say. But are the missionaries to fetch their proofs of the superiority of the system which they teach, to that of Menu, from the lives of the christians who are sent to make their fortunes in the East? We fear that the moral habits of these gentlemen, will not bear a very advantageous comparison with those of the disciples of Brahma.

Mr. Cunningham says that 'the *political situation* of India is highly favourable to the introduction of christianity,' and that 'a people readily receives the religion of their sovereign.' How favourable the situation of India is for such an attempt was evinced by the insurrection at Vellore, and by the *disposition to mutiny*, which, at one time, seemed likely to pervade the whole native army. The repugnance of the Hindoos to adopt the religion of their conquerors has been sufficiently proved by the experience of ages. The institutes of Menu have always mocked the rage of the conqueror, even when his arms have experienced the least resist-

ance and the spirit of proselytism has most animated his counsels. In his second chapter Mr. C. labours to prove the '*expediency of forming a complete church establishment in India,*' as the best means of accelerating the business of conversion. This is the object to which the ambition of Mr. Buchanan evidently aspires. He wishes to be the mitred head of a splendid establishment in the East. We may hence account for his liberality and his zeal. But the government of this country, is, we believe, aware of his design; and will not readily be induced, even by the eloquence of his hired writers, to concur in his interested schemes. We will only add that, if Mr. Buchanan really wished to *evangelize* the East, the zeal of ten methodist parsons will do more towards the accomplishment of that event in ten years than could be expected from the indolence of a splendid establishment in a century. But when the methodists have made the attempt, and have failed, what remote probability is there that more efficacy would attend the inert body of an establishment, even with Mr. Buchanan dressed up in purple and fine linen at the head?

ART. 16.—*Remarks on various Texts of Scripture. By Edward Popham, D.D. Rector of Milton, Wilts.* 8*vo. pp.* 392. 10*s.* Rivington. 1809.

MANY of these remarks will be read with pleasure, on account of the numerous quotations from the Greek and Roman writers with which they are interspersed.

ART. 17.—*A Discourse delivered at Ditcheling in Sussex, before a Society of Unitarian Christians established in the South of England, for promoting &c. By Russell Scott.* 12*mo. pp.* 47. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.

THIS is a pious and rational discourse; which exhibits a brief but perspicuous view of the christian dispensation.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*Political, Commercial, and Statistical Sketches of the Spanish Empire in both Indies; Reflections on the Policy proper for Great Britain at the present Crisis: and a View of the Political Question between Spain and the United States respecting Louisiana and the Floridas, with the Claims of Great Britain as founded on Treaty to the Commercial Navigation of the River Mississipi, &c. &c. &c. pp.* 156. Tipper. 1809.

THIS pamphlet exhibits a copious detail of the commercial advantages which, in the present crisis, are likely to be opened to this country in the Spanish South American colonies. The author has evidently made himself master of the subject; and he treats it with much perspicuity and with ample information. Spain has hitherto derived rather injury than benefit from her vast transatlantic possessions. This has arisen from her selfish and narrow-minded policy. Instead of encouraging the industry, extending the

commerce, and thus increasing the civilization of the people, her sole object seems to have been to keep them in poverty and barbarism, and, instead of improving the soil, by agricultural cultivation, to make them descend below the surface in order to procure a sufficient quantity of the precious metals to gratify the prodigality of the court in the mother-country. Spain might have powerfully encouraged the industry of her colonies, which it seemed to be the object of her commercial restrictions to impede. Instead of a liberal supply of European manufactures, she permitted the importation only of a very scanty portion in order to sell them at an exorbitant profit. Thus the colonists had but little incitement to produce any superfluous commodities for the purpose of commercial exchange. The industry of the mother-country could, at the same time, receive but little encouragement from the colonies; and the connection appears to have been reciprocally pernicious. A new order of things is now likely to arise; and whatever may be the kind of connection which is hereafter to subsist between Spain and her South American possessions, we have no doubt that it will be more favourable to the commercial and agricultural improvement of the latter, than that which has been hitherto established. If the dynasty of the Bonapartes should be rendered permanent in Spain, it is probable that the South American colonies will throw off all subjection to the mother-country, and that independent governments will arise in Mexico and Peru. In this latter case, the intercourse between Great Britain and Spanish America is likely to be cemented by stronger ties of interest than on any other supposition. The new sovereignties which will be erected in Mexico, Peru, &c. will want the protection of the British navy to secure them against the force and machinations of Napoleon, who will not patiently see them rescued from his ambitious grasp. Great Britain will, at the same time, furnish the safest and most lucrative market, not only for the ore of the mines, but for the varied productions of the soil; and in return she will supply them with all the manufactures of European ingenuity in the greatest abundance and at the cheapest rate. The rude produce of South America will afford great excitement to the industry of this country, and will form channels of trade which will absorb not only all our increasing capital, but that which has been diverted from its usual direction by the violent measures of Buonaparte; and the operation of this intercourse on the southern continent of the western world, must have the most beneficial tendencies both with respect to the advance of the people in industry and enjoyment, in wealth and civilization. If the Spanish colonies can be supplied with every species of requisite manufacture by this country, they may direct almost the whole of their attention to the culture of the soil. Thus, as the judicious author well remarks:

'Many benefits will be speedily produced, population will be encouraged, and the different provinces will not only be improved and embellished by the labour and industry of the inhabitants, but even the climate will be rendered more wholesome and

friendly to European constitutions. The accurate Robertson has observed, with great propriety, that where any region of the earth lies neglected and uncultivated, the air stagnates in the forests, and putrid exhalations arise from the undisturbed waters; that the surface of the soil soon becomes loaded with rank vegetation, and is totally screened from the purifying influence of the sun; and that, invariably, from these causes the malignity of the distempers natural to the climate increases, whilst new maladies, no less noxious, are engendered. Happy would it indeed have been for a great portion of the human race, if such considerations had marked the Spanish policy towards their infant settlements, and much happier might it have been for Spain herself at the present day.'

'It has been asserted,' says the author, 'that the population of this immense continent, is not so great as it has been; if so, the prospect of its becoming every day of more importance, will then stand on rational grounds. In the year 1741, a census was taken in the province of Mexico, by which it appeared that the five principal divisions alone contained 190,000 Spanish families, amounting to 950,000 souls; and that the Indian families amounted to 294,000, which contained one million and a half, making the whole population about two millions and a half: of these it has been said that the city of Mexico alone contained 150,000.

'In Peru, it has been estimated that the Spaniards and the mixed race amounted to three millions, and the native Indians to two and a half more, in all five millions and a half; so that if we allow only two millions more for Chili, Buenos Ayres, and the population of the Spanish main, &c. we shall have ten millions of people, who will soon be willing to receive our manufactures, and thus counterbalance in a great degree our deficit in other quarters.

'Yet we must not expect to reap these benefits very rapidly, many causes yet exist to damp an opening trade, causes which will only admit of slow remedies: to understand this more fully, it will be proper to take a general view of the state of society and of population. The greatest part of the inhabitants are creoles, or the descendants of European parents; many of them indeed boast a descent from the original conquerors; yet, through the enervating effects of the climate, the vigour of their constitutions, and the energy of their minds are completely broken, so that the greatest part of them glide through life in luxurious indulgences, sunk almost in apathy, and yielding tamely to habitual indolence, except when called on to assist in the pageantry of superstition, by priests as ignorant and as indolent as themselves. Rendered thus languid, and devoid of all spirit of enterprize, the exertions of mind and body necessary to carry on an active and an extended commerce, seem so destructive of those habits in which they place their happiness, that it is in very few parts of this extensive empire, the creoles will engage in it; so that both the interior commerce of each province, as well as the coasting trade, and even that with the mother country is entirely left to the European Spaniards or Chapetones, who

in many parts amass great fortunes, whilst the native creoles indolently content themselves with the revenues of their ill-cultivated paternal estates; or if poor, saunter to the church or monastery in a check shirt and trowsers, with all the pride of a Castilian. From this state of society, we see there is a wide field not only for British commercial industry, but also for the employment of our superabundant active youth, who impelled by curiosity, and sometimes by the love of gold, feel anxious to visit the most distant climes.'

As the inhabitants of Spanish America are strongly addicted to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, which are admirably adapted to please an indolent, and to impose on an ignorant people, we agree with the author in hoping, p. 34, that missionaries will not constitute one of the articles which we shall endeavour to import into Mexico and Peru, in return for the rich products of those provinces. The understandings of the inhabitants must be more enlightened, and agriculture, commerce, literature, and civilization in general, must have made a greater progress before moral christianity, in opposition to ritual, can be propagated with any probable effect in that part of the world.

The humanity of Las Casas first introduced the slave trade into the Spanish settlements; and the author remarks that, 'according to the present system, the extension of cultivation can only be carried on (at least in the first instance) by fresh importations.' In this branch of trade Great Britain can take no share, though we fear that there are individuals even in this country, whose avarice is so much greater than their humanity, that they will not refuse to transport negroes or any other species of contraband, from which large pecuniary returns are likely to accrue. We have not space to follow the author through all his details of the advantages which this country would probably derive from an enlarged intercourse with the Spanish colonies in South America. But they appear to be such as would leave our merchants and manufacturers little reason to regret their exclusion from the ports of France and Germany, or the North American embargo.

ART. 19.—*A History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics: from the Treaty of Limeric to the Union. By Henry Parnell, Esq. M. P.* pp. 184. 6s. Harding, St. James's Street. 1809.

IN our Review for October 1807, we mentioned Mr. Parnell's 'Historical Apology for the Irish Catholics,' in terms of high commendation, but not higher than that temperate, judicious, and well-digested work deserved.—The present performance of the same enlightened author we can with confidence recommend to the perusal of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the true state of the Catholic question, with the various penal, and restrictive statutes which have at different times, been enacted against this ancient body of Christians in different periods of our history, and with the various modifications or repeals which some of them have in later times undergone.—For the information of those

among our readers who may still think that the Catholics have no just cause of complaint, or who may suppose that they are, in point of *civil* advantages, on a footing with the most favoured protestant, we will enumerate the various disabilities, to which, notwithstanding all previous concessions, they are still exposed.

'*Education.*—They cannot teach school, unless they take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. They cannot take Protestant scholars, or be ushers to Protestant schoolmasters, 32d Geo. III. c. 20.

'*Guardianship.*—They cannot be guardians, unless they take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. If ecclesiastics, they cannot, under any circumstances, be guardians; nor can any Catholic be guardian to a child of a Protestant, 30th Geo III. c. 29.

'*Marriage.*—If a Catholic clergyman marries a Protestant and a Catholic, the marriage is null and void, and he is liable to suffer death, 32d Geo. III. c. 21.

'*Self-defence.*—No Catholic can keep arms; unless he possesses a freehold estate of 10l. per annum, or a personal estate of 30l. If so qualified, he must further qualify himself by taking the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. unless he has a freehold estate of 100l. per annum, or a personal estate of 1000l. 33d Geo. III. c. 21.

'*Exercise of Religion.*—The Catholic clergy must take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. and register their places of abode, age, and parish. No chapel can have a steeple or bell, no funeral can take place in any church or chapel-yard, and no rites or ceremonies of the religion or habits of their order are permitted, except within their several places of worship, or in private houses, 21st, 22d Geo. III. c. 24. § 6.

'*Property.*—The laws of Anne are in force against all Catholics who do not take the oaths of 13th, 14th Geo. III. c. 35. and also against all Protestants who may have lapsed or become converts to the Catholic religion.'

ART. 20.—***Proceedings of a General Court Martial held at the Horse Guards on the 24th and 27th of March 1792, for the Trial of Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton; and Lieutenant John Hall, of the 54th Regiment, on several Charges preferred against them respectively, by William Cobbett, late Sergeant Major of the said Regiment, together with several Letters which passed between the said William Cobbett, and Sir Charles Gould, Judge Advocate General; and various other Letters and Documents connected therewith, in order of their Dates.*** 8vo. *pp.* 87. 2*s.* 6*d.* Tipper. 1809.

THOSE, who read the account of these proceedings, should also in fairness peruse Cobbett's Political Register for Saturday, June 17th, in which that writer has defended himself with singular ability against the imputations to which he might seem liable for not ap-

pearing to substantiate the several weighty charges which he had preferred against Captain Powell, &c. &c.

ART. 21.—*The Rights of the Sovereignty vindicated, with particular Reference to the Political Doctrines of the Edinburgh Review, and of other Periodical Publications. By John Pern Tinney, Esq. pp.* 210. Baldwin. 1809.

MR. Tinney appears to be alarmed for the safety of the monarchy, but certainly without sufficient reasons; for republican principles, which have never been very prevalent in this country since the restoration, are, we believe, at this moment, at a lower ebb than they ever were before.—The events of the French revolution have greatly increased the monarchical bias of Englishmen; and, if the question could at this moment be put to the whole body of our countrymen whether they would choose to live under a monarchy or a republic, we have little doubt but that it would be carried in favour of the former, with hardly a dissentient voice. Mr. Tinney must not confound a disposition to reform the gross abuses in the administration of the government, with a wish to subvert the monarchy.

ART. 22.—*Political Essays; the Result of occasional Reflections on the Times. By a Patriotic Observer. 8vo. pp.* 132. Symonds. 1808.

THESE essays are on the following subjects, "existing circumstances, economy, popular demagogues, equality, state insignia, fashionable morals, mobs, anecdotes of a Roman virgin, heroism, the state of man, ancient policy, magnanimity, British munificence, my own times."—In some parts of his work the author discovers a propensity to paradox; and this produces, as will often happen, a little absurdity in his opinions.—Thus in the essay "*on the state of man*;" he says,

'Men never degenerate in solitude. Here is their element. *This seems their proper sphere. They prosper at least in no other.*'

We have always thought that man was a gregarious animal, and formed by his Maker for society, in which alone his faculties can be matured to that perfection of which they are susceptible. In another essay entitled "economy," the author seems to intimate that it is like treason and and sacrilege to "preach up economy to royalty," —or to check the profusion of princes.—This pamphlet is ascribed, we know not with what truth, to the Rev. Mr. Beasley.

POETRY.

ART. 23.—*Distress: a pathetic Poem. Second Edition. By Robert Noyes, Author of "The Tempest."—"Miscellanies,"* 4*to. pp.* 38. 4*s.* 1808.

WE are informed in the preface that there are some small edi-

tions of this poem, which are not *genuine*, as they contain unauthorized omissions or additions.—Mr. Noyes, who appears to have been a man of integrity and talents, officiated for several years as minister to a congregation of Protestant dissenters at Cranbrook in Kent.—By this congregation he is said to have been very abruptly dismissed in a period of great domestic affliction, when he had just lost his wife and was left a widower with a large family, and totally destitute of support.—The present poem was written under the pressure of this afflicting occurrence.—The author died on November 1798, and the present publication seems to be designed by the editor, for the benefit of his surviving children.—Purchasers of the poem are requested to ask for the *new quarto edition.*

ART. 24.—*A Poetical Picture of America, being Observations made during a Residence of several Years, at Alexandria, and Norfolk, in Virginia; illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; and interspersed with Anecdotes arising from a general Intercourse with Society in that Country, from the Year* 1797 *to* 1807. *By a Lady. pp.* 177. Vernor. 1809.

THIS is a lively and apparently accurate representation of what the authoress saw during her residence in the United States, whither she had the courage to cross the Atlantic, as she tells us, much against the advice of her friends,

'To share an absent husband's woe.'

The following is part of the description, which the authoress gives of her apartments in Norfolk in Virginia; which perhaps as well as the rest of the book may be perused with advantage by those, who, dissatisfied with their present situation, are apt to think that an emigration to the western world would remove all present ills.

'In Norfolk meaning to remain,
We tried a dwelling to obtain;
But houses being few for rent,
We were with lodgings first content;
And took two rooms near Market-Square,
Dirty enough indeed they were:
Five windows in one room were plac'd,
And three with light the other grac'd,
Pouring in full the blaze of day,
Which plainly told—no tax to pay
For heav'n's gay sun-shine, or the bright,
But milder beams, of Luna's light;
Two days we'ad in our lodgings been,
And thought it tolerably clean;
The weather cold, I did desire
They'd make a brisk and cheerful fire;
When looking on the white-wash'd wall,
Something, I thought, appear'd to crawl;
But not attending, thoughtful sat,
Reflecting on my varying fate,

How distant from my native shore,
And doubts that I should see it more:
Caus'd me to heave a pensive sigh,
The moist'ning drop just fill'd my eye;
It did not fall, but dim'd the light,
And threw a cloud across my sight;
Which drawing with my hand aside,
I thought I on the wall espy'd
Innumerable insects move,
And swiftly o'er the white-wash rove;
I look'd, and thought my sight not clear,
So left my seat, approaching near,
They look'd like bugs, but could that be,
Where so much light and air was free;
I must be wrong, for it's allow'd,
Of cleanliness they're very proud;
Surpris'd, I for the mistress call,
Who own'd this live and moving wall;
She at my questions look'd around,
And soon the marching army found.
"O! ma'am, they're chintzes," she did say:
"Chintzes," said I; "pray what are they!"
"They're insects," ma'am, she coolly said,
"Who trouble us sometimes in bed;
This room has not been us'd for years,
As evidently now appears;
The fire you've lit has brought them out,
You'll quickly conquer them, no doubt;
Just get some lime, and wash the wall,
'Twill shut them in, their nits and all."
"O! then they're bugs; dear madam, pray
Do they run always in this way?"
"Not quite," said she, "for spring and fall,
We plaster them within the wall."'

ART. 25.—*Medea to Jason, translated from Ovid.* 12mo. pp. 22. Baldwin. 1809.

WE fear that the translator has caught less of the spirit of the original than he seems to suppose.—The force of the original is, indeed, in almost every instance, weakened by expansion.—We have not room for more than one specimen; and that shall not be the worst.—Ovid says,

'Est aliqua ingrato meritum exprobrare voluptas,
Hac fruar: hæc de te gaudia sola feram.'

These lines are thus rendered.

'Tis some relief, *when ill returns are made,*
To charge the wretch with benefits betray'd:
To this last respite of despair I flee:
This only comfort that remains from thee.'

NOVELS.

ART. 26.—*Emily, a Moral Tale: including Letters from a Father to his Daughter, upon the most important Subjects. By the Rev. Henry Kett, &c. &c. &c. 2 Vols. small 8vo.* Rivington. 1809.

A BOOK of morality, in the garb of a novel, ushered into the world by a learned divine, is not apt to excite in our minds very sanguine hopes, either of entertainment or instruction. The attention of children may, indeed, be most effectually roused, and their characters and conduct influenced by that species of *didactic narrative*, of which this is an example. The 'Sandford and Merton,' of Day, which stands most pre-eminently at the head of its class, cannot be too highly, or highly enough, commended, and held up to admiration. But a work, which has not for its immediate object the education of young persons, but rather the instruction of elders, in the act of education, does not, we conceive, stand in need of the advantages of fiction, to recommend it to the serious consideration of intelligent and anxious parents.

Of persons who may take up the work before us with more favourable expectations than those which we profess to have felt on the occasion, some will perhaps do so from the recollection of Rousseau's Emile, others, (and by far the greater number) fresh from the perusal of a recent work, not very dissimilar in its objects, and attributed by common fame, to Miss Hannah More. To the former, we have the satisfaction of saying, that, although they will be most grievously disappointed, if they hope for any of the grace, or eloquence, or pathos, of the French philosopher, they will, at least, find none of his dangerous errors, or chimerical notions. With no less pleasure, we assure the latter, that, while this 'moral tale' evinces no pretensions, (except in the prefixed advertisement) to the praise of good portrait-painting, which 'Cœlebs,' in some parts, justly deserves, it is perfectly free from the over-balancing defects of our female bishop, from dogmatical pedantry, dictatorial orthodoxy, and all the affected cant of self-satisfied righteousness. All the religious instruction which the author of 'Emily' endeavours to enforce, is plain, practical, and unobtrusive, equally free from scepticism, and from bigotry, because it never trenches upon the borders of either province. But, besides this *singular* merit, we are afraid that 'Emily' possesses very little else deserving of praise, or even of observation. There is in it nothing original to attract, nothing learned or scientific to fix the attention, no interest or amusement in the fiction, no novelty or ingenuity either in the subjects, or in the mode of instruction. At the same time, it is impossible for any thing to be more perfectly harmless; and, if any readers are *disinterestedly* virtuous enough to derive benefit from common-place morality, cloathed in common-place language, they may peruse 'Emily' with advantage.

MEDICINE.

ART. 27.—*An Inquiry into the Symptoms and Treatment of Carditis; or, the Inflammation of the Heart, illustrated by Cases and Dissections. By John Ford Davis, M. D. Member of the College of Physicians, London, of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, and of other Medical and Philosophical Societies.* 12mo. Longman. 1808.

DOCTOR Davis has introduced his inquiry, by an examination of the histories, descriptions, and definitions, given by the most eminent systematic writers, of the carditis. We have little doubt that some of these definitions have been supplied by the imagination of the writers. They have observed the phenomena of inflammation, on parts less immediately connected with life, and have said, such and such ought to be the consequences, when the heart is inflamed.

Dr. Davis has related three cases, in which dissection discovered inflammation, either of the membranes, or of the substance of the heart to have preceded death. The symptoms in each were very dissimilar, and, in one only, were they such as to point out clearly the seat of the disease. This patient had a difficulty of breathing, and a violent palpitation of the heart. From these circumstances, Dr. Davis has well inferred the insurmountable difficulty of establishing the nosological character of carditis. He has added some remarks on the difficulty, if not the impossibility of framing perfect nosological arrangements of diseases, into *genera* and *species*, after the Linnæan method of classifying plants and animals. With these sentiments, we are much disposed to concur. Internal changes, the same in appearance to the eye, (as far as can be discovered by dissection) are not betrayed during life by any fixed pathognomic sign. And, in truth, whatever importance physicians appear to annex to the discovery of pathognomic signs, they are of little consequence. The remedies employed are, generally speaking, universal, and independent of pathognomic signs.

We think this publication creditable to the learning and ingenuity of its author, though the matter is, upon the whole, more suited to an academic thesis, than to a formal treatise, adapted to general circulation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 28.—*Letters from an elder, to a younger Brother, on the Conduct to be pursued in Life.* 12mo. pp. 128. Taylor *and* Hessey. 1809.

THIS is an elegant little volume, and we can safely recommend it to our juvenile readers, as containing much sound, practical advice, without any parade of refinement, or affectation of singularity.

ART. 29.—*Variety; or Selections and Essays, consisting of Anecdotes, curious Facts, interesting Narratives, with occasional Reflections. By Priscilla Wakefield.* 12mo. pp. 218. Darton *and* Harvey. 1809.

IN this volume, Mrs. Wakefield has condensed a multitude of amusing and interesting particulars. Her reflections are enlivened by anecdotes, and her anecdotes are improved by her reflections.

ART. 30.—*The Mother's Catechism, or first Principles of Knowledge and Instruction, for very young Children. By William Mavor, LL.D. Second Edition* 1s. Lackington.

ART. 31.—*The Catechism of general Knowledge, or a brief Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, for the Use of Schools and Families. By William Mavor, LL.D.* 12mo. *second Edition.* Lackington. 1809.

ART. 32.—*The Catechism of Health; containing simple and easy Rules and Directions for the Management of Children, and Observations on the Conduct of Health in general; for the Use of Families. By William Mavor, LL.D.* 1s. *second Edition.* Lackington. 1809.

THE public are much indebted to Dr. Mavor for the pains which he has taken to furnish instruction and amusement to the rising generation; but we much doubt whether these catechisms are likely to add much to the stock of science, or of health, in the community.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the Critical Review.

Rose's Observations on Fox's Historical Work.
Ashe's Travels in America.
Lord Somers's Tracts, by Walter Scott.
Annals of the Reign of George III.
Weber's Battle of Flodden.
Chisholm on Fever.
Letters of the Swedish Court.
Burgoing's Travels in Spain, concluded.

ERRATUM.

P. 152, line 6, for Enisseus read Enipeus.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

Of Books published in June, 1809.

Alexander the Great—The History of the Life and Reign of Alexander the Great, from the Latin of Quintus Curtius Rufus. A new translation, with supplement and notes, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Barry—The works of James Barry, esq. late professor of painting, in the Royal Academy, &c. &c. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.

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